NUGGET

THE MAN'S WORLD

FEBRUARY, 1963 / 50 CENTS

JAMES BALDWIN
major new American
novelist reports
CHAMPIONSHIP FLOP

THE OFFICE PARTY
6 pages of "action" photos


CINDY'S
GOT
IT
(on page 36)
!

TENN

ARONOWITZ & GELMAN

BALDWIN

THE MAN'S WORLD

With the debut of James Baldwin in the present issue Nugget can safely say (not half safely either like those inferior brands) that it has snagged almost every exciting writer of the literary generation now riding the 30-to-40 creative crest. Think for a moment—as we often do with a strong expression on our corporate kisser—of the rocketing talent that has streak one pages James Jones Mailer Baldwin Kerouac, John Clellon Holmes Corso Brossard Colin Wilson Wolf Mankowitz Alexander Trocchi Terry Southern William Gaddis Warren Miller not to mention such arthritic graybeards as James T Farrell, Caldwell, Algren Schulberg Bernard Wolfe and Pietro di Donato Quite a score see we and it raises some interesting thoughts we'd like to undermine you with

Thought One the key to all the subsequent ones is the slow but sure way a handful of the men s magazines (yep the ones with the girls in them Amost) have become the protectors and propagators of good writing in this mass mush era. You who read Nugget and/or one top competitors don t have to be told that the level of writing is closer to the nerve of contemporary life than in the elaborately varnished general magazines But it often takes an unconscionable hell of a while for news to travel and we are forever amazed by old fogies light years away from the pulse of the present who sneer about the sleazy material in the men s books. Not only is the bulk of the material more crudely honest lively and sophisticated than the pre digested radish food peddled for those invalids patrolled by the old fashioned slicks the men s mags have actually provided the only warm home for serious writers.

How did all this happen? Through what can be called the Big Squeeze Quality magazines with small circulations like the old Story used to keep the lamp lit for good writing but they soon got strangled by high costs and spinsterish formats The estimable New World Writing anthologies and a host of little magazines took up the torch, but they were so breathlessly literary that they scared non club members away and in addition could pay their contributors with little more than flattery Sweet as that can be it also takes bread to keep the ego fed In the meantime the big beautiful slicks were increasingly turning into advertising carriers technicolor cruisers that traveled under the flag of prose writing but were in reality camouflaged detective gent hustlers. No room aboard them for sassy truth tellers and icon smashers.

The only place for a crusty writer with something his own to say was through the "back door" as contributor William Tenn has put it into the men s magazines During the last eight or so years more exciting work has appeared wedged in between two breasts than has ever been permitted to escape in the all-things-to-all-people bland grandmotherly journals. The sexual freedom of the men s magazines naturally enough provided a climate for the genuine writer to remove his tonpé and really make his typewriter jump This is what the blue nose critics never understood and perhaps never will that happy work will only flourish where the soil is ripe not arid and where the readership is responding with every full bodied cell instead of only the little gray expressed ones in the parched little super-ego at the frozen North Pole of the being

It is therefore no fluke as one science-fictional friend Mr Tenn points out (with his infallible supersonic editorial radar) that the men s books have become the most exciting periodicals in the popular magazine field Less inhibited more cowdy as mollettered as a bull-session and jazzy as The Five Spot, it s no mystery why the classiest young American writers want to strut where they can be at ease. The pretentious wood panelled literary environment that used to emasculate such talents seems a laughable fake when they can truly level in the pages of a magazine like this Fact as we say prejudices change based on that the very moment that human antipies are making moralistic squeaks in a vain effort to squelch this new life literary history is literally being written alongside the image of lurid eroticism. But then history always does its vital work in the most surprising places, as we were saying to a lady friend just the other night in another smashingly uplifting discussion. *The Editors*

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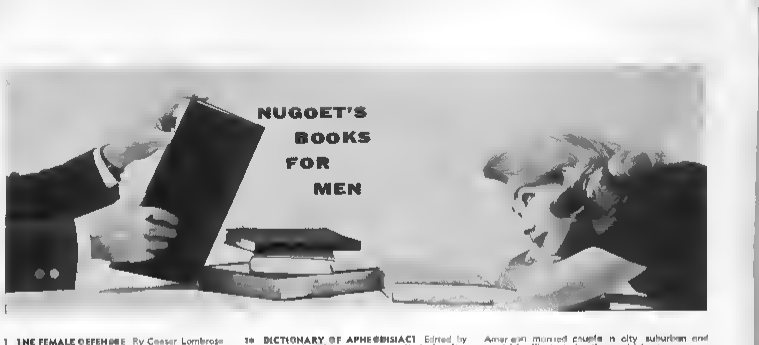

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MOVIES

the do-it-yourself kind

Oh! those long 2 A M discussions about The Novel is Dead How right they are how wearying Of course the novel is kaput for all the reasons we all know so well But the real problem is—O K— but what do we do man?

Today we do movies.

Movies not assembled in some Holly wood/Detroit style operation but movies in which the hand, eye and mind of a single man are discernible Movies made by artists, not businessmen

Hiroshima Mon Amour — *Jules et Jim* *400 Blows* *La Dolce Vita* *Gold* *Wind in August* The Bergmann movies The personal movie

I think that several factors have brought this about. First of all the idiots nowadays will not leave their tv sets to go out to see the routine B movies with which Hollywood used to keep the theaters choked It is either *Ben Hur* and 20 million bucks or nothing

So there is room today for movies made for those willing to come out of the house to see a little plain unromantic 90-minute film made in glorious black and white—if it is a work of art

And don't forget money Suddenly it has been realized you don't have to lay out that $20 million you don't have to write stories that your bankers will approve you don't have to try to insure your big budget by loading your film with big boobs (which, incidentally cost a lot and so your insurance has to go into the budget too raising it and so you have to get an even safer story line put in even more boobs etc etc.)

Movies can be made for as little as $100 000 A quarter of a million is an ample budget A half is to laugh with joy

These are really sizable sums — especially for someone like me whose phone was turned off today because I couldn't explain a temporary attack of the shorts to the phone company But they are not astronomical It is possible to raise this amount of money from a few human sensible bankers. Not bankers

I'm doing it myself

The phone rang A guy I had never met. I'm Stan Russell I like you writing lets do a movie together He owns a little independent movie company scoring for his bread on industrial movies

My reaction terror of course

"I've never written a movie"

"Perfect perfect" Stan shouted and next we were sitting on the beach in Puerto Rico on money that I think Stan made on a horse talking about our movie

Because the one thing you have to understand about the kind of movies I'm talking about is that the writer and the director must be collaborators That's why so many of these new movies are written by the director himself And for a would be novelist like me it takes a little getting used to [*Mr Manville is being modest here His novel* Breaking Up *was published on Oct 12th by Simon & Schuster—Eds*]

And we agreed We'd like to make a movie about changing sexual mores, highly contemporary in language mood and style and above all *true*

"And a lot of good straight honest erotic photography" Stan yelled "not pornographic but erotic"

We had 12 banana daiquiris on that

In fact we quickly ran out of real money the kind they understand in quaint, charming, quiet, CHEAP fishing villages and had to move on to the world of Super Caribe Hilton air-conditioning and Diner's Club A lot of blank checks you have to rent a Hertz car on the Diner's Club card to go where you want because cabs need cash Pineapples scooped and filled with chicken salad, sun glasses 12 more banana daiquiris to give the room clerk confidence

Afternoons alone by myself at the typewriter while Stan is off to the beach. Evenings discussions on the days out put criticism backed up by autobiographical details changes arguments. Dialog dialectic The movie grew

I'll give you a bit the screen goes black and it lights up filled with what seems to be a huge white volcano From the top of the screen an enormous round white boulder drops down into the cone of the volcano And then another The camera slowly begins to move back and we discover that the slopes of the volcano are really the slopes of a woman's belly that the huge white boulders are really drops of milk which the hero of the movie is slowly and deliciously pouring into her navel before proceeding to lick them up with his tongue

(And if anyone out there feels that this is a visual effect I plagiarized from Cecil B DeMille's *King of Kings*, I ask you)

Anyway the script is now complete and we're up to the part I was so smart alecky confident about back up there near the beginning of this column The money part We're beginning (just beginning) to raise it Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned that bad bit about me and the telephone company?

Stuck around and I'll let you know what happens. *Bill Manville*

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RECORDS

Artists are at the picket point of every social movement which accounts, to some extent at least, for the time lag between the appearance of a truly new talent — that of an originator — and the accumulation of followers that results in some public acceptance.

Jazz, for reasons which I hope the sociologists will some day study, seems to be even more of an indicator of the way the winds are blowing than any art form, except perhaps painting.

Two new poses are affecting jazz today. One is the "free improvisations" of a young alto saxophonist named Ornette Coleman (who seems to want to improvise outside the strictures of chord patterns, tonality and bar structure) and the other is that curious amalgam of conservatory training and jazz feeling known as "Thirdstream." Of the latter I want only to say at this time that it is having its influence mainly among those jazz musicians who come to the music from a formal, conservatory background.

The music of Ornette Coleman, however, is impossible to dismiss so lightly even though it is more unfamiliar than Bird and Monk in their day. Coleman's work is available on a series of LPs, *Something Else* (Contemporary C 3551), *The Shape of Jazz to Come* (Atlantic 1317), *Change of the Century* (Atlantic 1327), *This is Our Music* (Atlantic 1353), and *Ornette!* (Atlantic 1378). It has been widely hailed and widely attacked by critics *and* musicians.

By now it is quite obvious that like it or not, the Ornette Coleman music is with us and having an effect on other jazz musicians that cannot be overlooked. John Lewis has said that Ornette's influence on jazz will be felt most strongly *through* other musicians and the recent LPs of Eric Dolphy and John Coltrane support this view. Lewis, of course, along with Coltrane (and Sonny Rollins who openly states his admiration for Ornette) represents the body of jazz musicians who say in effect: "This is good music, important music, do not overlook it." Others, such as Oscar Peterson, Dizzy Gillespie and Cannonball Adderly have been less than enthusiastic.

The critics have been split down the middle so drastically that to state a third position (which I do) is almost to be like Gippo Nolan in *The Informer*—"sure the Irish think I'm with the English and the English think I'm with the Irish."

From where I listen, the Ornette Coleman albums seem to represent steps in search of a style and a voice; documents along the course of development. Where they will lead eventually it is impossible to say and even if one accepts their importance to other jazz musicians, and to a rising group of jazz listeners (faddists? hippies? genuine converts?) one must also admit the fact that the style and the voice are tentative. The concept may be formed, but the execution is by no means accomplished.

I cannot listen to Ornette in a jazz club. The music requires too much concentration. I can barely listen to it on record and never with any sense of pleasure. If music exists to give pleasure, then Ornette Coleman is a total loss for me. On the other hand, on an afternoon program two years ago at the Monterey Jazz Festival, Ornette was presented as the final episode in a program devoted to abstract music, from John Coltrane to a string quartet. In that context he sounded exciting, interesting and natural.

But locked in my own room with the LPs, I am frustrated. I cannot bear it true. In the past I have had this experience with John Coltrane and Thelonious Monk but in both cases an LP session lasting several hours and a little personal exposure was sufficient to attune my ears to their language. So far this has not worked with Ornette. Nevertheless, I feel that there is something here which because of my own lack I do not get.

The Ornette Coleman voice is raw and sometimes ragged. It may be right as well, but for me, music must sing and while it does not have to be a joyous sound, it must celebrate life in some way.

The best of jazz can come close to reducing me to tears or exhilarating me to heights of almost unbearable delight. I have returned again and again to the Ornette Coleman music to seek this and have not found it. Perhaps I shall in time. Meanwhile, what he is doing has found an echo in Eric Dolphy's work and with John Coltrane's playing, and will undoubtedly influence others as well.

This is a strange, fragmented and distorted time. When a national meeting of scientists can seriously discuss "visitors from another planet" and when UFO has assumed proportions of a religion, what is reality? That Joseph Heller's great novel, *Catch-22*, is surrealistic in its switches from reality to fantasy (as is Ken Kesey's *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest)* may provide us with some clues for studying Ornette Coleman. But I remain doggedly a jazz fan who likes not to study but digs feeling more.

Ralph J. Gleason

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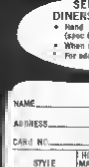

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BOOKS

The latest chapter in The Kerouac Saga is *Big Sur* (Farrar Straus & Cudahy $4.50). Saddening and maddening and the end of the road phase. He's 40 now rich famous, and hounded by idiot reporters capitalists punk beatniks out to impress him. Comedown Low baby. So he rides a train to Frisco lushes with the old gang cools it for a couple of weeks in the Sur goes back to town for lush and hangups, runs back down the coast for more hangups flips out and runs home. A marvelous vision may be coming but for now the sound is *depression*.

Confessing out the soul to conform to the rhythm of thought in his naked and endless head says Allen Ginsberg. Which he does but this portion is (of necessity?) bugged and lugubrious. Simple admissions that anxiety weariness answerlack and death hang heavy. The dead cat, the dead sea otter the dead mouse. The obsession and continued hammering realization of it, the flip and runaway. Further definitions of "beat."

There is more literary chronicling than in any of Kerouac's other books. Who drove who preferred tokay who had eyes for whom's old lady etc. Of interest if you're in or up enough to recognize poets McClure Whelan Ferlinghetti Lew Welch and Neal Cassidy. Names weardly disguised as usual. He loves these people and they shine through his own misery. Especially Lew Welch called Dave Wain here a keen sweetheart of a poet.

But no fire no first time moans and groans and energy kick oohs and aahs. *On the Road. The Subterraneans. Visions of Cody.* No tragic glow of *humau Tristesse, Lonesome Traveler.* He's sharp as ever but only to say tired bored, sick hung up! Damn hung in the orbit of the *spinning nonsense wheel* he knows so well.

The best writing in the book is the first impressions of the Sur but the landscape is perhaps overwhelming under the circumstances and he never gets into the nature of the Sur country though it gets into him. The power—America's holiest, most fierce terrain—the creation-throne mad mountains towering gouging down into the grinding roaring bull wild sea, the lorny druid rainforest redwood canyons, the scrub and naked horrock lizard mountains—they can *rend* you.

Kerouac gets ears and tail anyhow for attempting attitudes and situations which most of his contemporaries have not yet dared to realize consciously let alone mention.

Dan Propper

JAZZ
THE INCREDIBLY SHRINKING ART FORM?

So says ex **Downbeat** editor Gene Lees in a veritable rifle shot oil on article which tees off the April Nugget due to debut on your local newsstand Jan 17th. Lees just returned from a musical tour of South America reps the New York and indeed U.S. jazz scene for being far too hustle for mass consumption and warns that this great popular art may become as bizarre as the hieroglyphic unless it comes to its musical senses. Written from as deeply inside the jazz community as the credo I puts down Lees blast will be heard from Harlem to Harvard and will cause the sleeping spirits of such as Beiderbecke and Parker to be disturbed at the distort ons that have followed in their golden wake.

LETTERS

(Correspondence for this space should be addressed to Letters Editors Nugget 545 5th Avenue New York City 17 Names will be withheld upon request, but no unsigned letters will be considered)

SHORTIES

That was a very bold and praiseworthy defense of the right to, and the validity of dissent in your last issue Does this editorial credo also cover unpopular or "unhip" dissent?

BOB PATTON

New York N Y

It sure does —Eds

I've been reading Nugget during my stay in the States and become an *aficionado* of your excellent magazine

MARIO ELLINGREW REYES

Caguas Puerto Rico

Welcome aboard and tell the other land lubbers —Eds

Sorry I m not subscribing to Nugget but as a roving construction worker I find it difficult to stay in one place too long

B. MURILLO

Minot, N D

Dig us as the shovel listeth —Eds

What is so forbidden and supposedly unobtainable about the *Kama Sutra* in view of the fact that it has recently been published in its entirety?

WILLIAM COSTON

Philadelphia Pa

E P Dutton & Co brought out their translation at least two months after Nugget published its section The Kama was therefore, excuse the word virgin territory until we cut our slice —Eds

J ACCUSE

For persons who make an attempt however rarely at presenting new and worthy fiction you appear to have erred with Mr Terry Southern in Razor Fight" [October 1962] I refer as you may already know to the story Big Boy in the collection entitled *Lover Man* by Alstoo Anderson (Doubleday 1959) To say that the similarities are striking is to be exceedingly kind. If Mr Anderson finds it necessary to use another name I am indeed sorry as he deserves a far better late If Mr Southern finds it necessary to lift ideas and situations I am also sorry but for another reason

HAROLD B REISMAN

Danville Pa

Dear Mr R Weep not for nobody Terry Southern white is a friend of Alston Anderson, Negro;not his pseudonymous other self Both writers share a similar point of view to this material and discussed it together many times If it matters Southern's story was actually written first although published second But the only thing plagiarized between these two buddies was the authenticity of the other's response and the confirmation that they both had a grasp on a common truth —Eds

BB SHOT

I want to congratulate you for your excellent picture of Brigitte Bardot in the October issue It s good to see a magazine get away from the bosom craze and present both sides of the story W B

Philadelphia, Pa

W B we applaud your taste But let s not get prejudiced about the upper stories, they still present a dreamy view —Eds

WE HATE HARRINGTON, SIS BOOM BA

I want to congratulate you on your article by Michael Harrington entitled Pro-Vest & Anti Guitar" [October 1962] I was not surprised to see an attack on Young Americans for Freedom in a magazine of your type. I am thankful that you were attacking and not complimenting YAF

I am afraid that my experience in YAF will upset some of Mr Harrington's preconceived ideas and wishful thinking In Montana alone since May 1961 when YAF had five members in the whole state YAF has grown to over 150 members in three chapters registered with the national YAF headquarters There are at least three more unregistered high school chapters and several college-age youth groups under different names than YAF

Which is to say that one s research should preclude one s conclusions. I invite Harrington to visit our campus if he really wants to know what is going on in this country

JIM DULLENTY
President Montana State
University Chapter
Young Americans for Freedom

Missoula Mont

I was very much relieved to read in Mr Harrington s article that the young liberal groups on campus are still the dominant factor After all there is a great deal of work still to be done by the liberal element in this country For instance although we have succeeded in giving Poland East Germany Hungary Cuba Czechoslovakia Laos Latvia and many others to the Russians we have still been unable to dislodge such countries as Burma and France etc from our sphere of influence Believe it or not there are still a few countries left in which the term United States is not synonymous with snicker

And then there is the domestic and economic scene Would you believe it the filthy capitalists are still allowed to keep 7% of their earnings? The national debt is only at $300 billion and despite all the excellent liberal work that s been done to this field the dollar is still a good six months away from devaluation

And then there is the aspect of the poor misinformed citizenry—still left with decisions to make for themselves which Washington is much better qualified to make They still are buying their own clothes and food and some arch conservative would even leave them with the decisions concerning medical care for their families The level of unemployment compensation must be raised It s at such a ridiculously low level now that only 6 million of our population would rather accept that than honest employment All in-all there is no doubt that the great work must go on So, Mr Harrington rally the young liberals to the exciting banner of appeasement, bankruptcy and cradle-to-grave security Let s all get behind JFK and help him stamp out free enterprise!

WILLIAM F MCDONALD

Hillsdale, N J

NOTHER NUGGET RASCAL BITES DUST

Re Gregory Corso s Moschops! You Are a Loser!" [October 1962] There are winners. There are losers. There are impostors. It isn t always easy to tell. What appear to be winners sometimes turn out to be losers and so forth. Not everyone in the winners circle is a winner.

In time each finds his rightful place undoubtedly so will Corso. In his writing, he always seems to be shouting If he stopped laughing (it must be heady in the winners circle) and shouting—would we discover it s no more than noise?

So Corso s a famous Beat poet" — thanks to Ginsberg s *Howl* and Kerouac s *On the Road* He continues to come on like some great oracle sage... when it s becoming apparent to some that after all the hullabaloo, there s only the voice of a precocious shouting brat in Corso s work

A DINOSAUR'S COUSIN

New York N Y

More damn dinosaur's cousins in this town, suddenly We never did hold with all those new-fangled experiments —Eds

AND THE LAST WORD

Why can t you do more honest articles like John Williams "We Regret to Inform You That " [December 1962] than dumb meaningless humorless crap like A Day With Charity Leigh? It leads me to believe you have one or more schizophrenics on your staff

(MRS.) JOAN KADESCH

Chicago, Ill.

Correct How many on yours?—Eds

NUGGET

PICTORIAL

FICTION

HUMOR

ARTICLES

MICHAEL ST JOHN editor and publisher

SEYMOUR KRIM editorial director MARK YUSTEIN art director
DICK KARP fashion editor GERALD ADAMS art assistant
CHARLES MANDEL advertising dir PAUL PEPE, promotion dir
E WAINSWORTH business mgr RALPH J GLEASON music
BILL MANVILLE entertainment DAN PROPPER books

Created and founded in 1955 by Archer St John

CREDITS Cover Hugh Bell pp. 16-21 Leo Kraft/Globe pp. 26-27 Howard Harrison pp. 36-39 Bill Hamilton/Prange; p 40, from 'The 24-Hour Drink Book' published by Ivan Obolensky; ©1962 by Ralph Maloney pp 48-51 Frank Bez/Globe

MISTER PEEPER

There's a shrewd, pimply campus strategy for making out with girls like Tiddy Toolow

The girl Cranston finally settled on was named Teddy Twogood (Really, and that was no sorority girl nickname, though some of the boys in Cranston's House had a nickname for her—Tiddy Toolow because she really had a pair.) Cranston had an eye on her even before Milly gave him the tumble because she lived right next door to his fraternity and they used to walk to class together, buddies. And at lunch quite often he would say, "Old Teddy, she's really got a pair of knockers." The boys

fiction by **THOMAS CHURCHILL**

would laugh horny and respond "Ol' Tiddy Toolow!" "Low, hell," Cranston would come back risque. When Milly gave Cranston his walking papers it took him about six weeks to recover then — it was at some queer little Sunday do with Teddy's sorority — he very suddenly threw off the mourning pall that had been threatening to permanently squinch his eyebrows together and asked her to double date with him and one of the brothers who was in the House quartet. (That brother's girl was in Teddy's sorority, so in a sense they would be keeping it strictly in the family.)

"Sure" she said "I'd love it, but under standing and careful because she knew he had loved Milly and this would be his first outing since the trial. It sounds great Cranston" saying great the way only a few of her kind can making him feel warm and on the inside. "Where will we go do you think?" Sweat came out on his palms and on the tips of his fingers "Show maybe Hafta see what ol Joe wants to do." Once more "Great and he was in love again

There date was a success. Everyone had a terrific time and laughs were had by all. The high point of the evening was when they harmonized on "Papee Doll" though Cranston could see that she was going to need a few lessons because if they ever went together seriously singing was a thing they would have to share. He regretted too that he'd spent so much time on Millys vocal education. Oh but the heck with her. On the following Monday morning Ted dy showed up in front of the House steps alone and Cranston was there to walk her to school. They had coffee they talked on the telephone then one afternoon just before dinner—he didn't care if it was a bad time to call he *had* to do it—he asked her to their Spring Formal. She'd love it but she'd have to talk it over you know and get the details straight that night because the gong had just gonged for dindin. Bye

" Oh God surge of blood! She was actually prettier than Milly and Milly was practically flat-chested.

All that week even up to the day of the Formal it was bright and sunny and what a blessing, because nothing looks better with a pale formal or a white dinner jacket than a gorgeous golden tan. Cranston had to watch it though because he was a pretty pale rascal all his life and would get a sort of touchy red but Teddy Twogood had a remarkable pigmeot that allowed her to flop as long as loue hours at a time in the ultra violet and infra eed rays of the sun then get up roasty toasty pop it in your mouth brown with only a bit of an ache behind the eyes to remind hee that she'd lain too long. Quite early in the morning of the day of the dance she had only to brown certain hard to reach portions of her anatomy and to darken up the deep-brown division of hee heavenly breasties. This last she accomplished by loosening the ties of her modest swim-suit and pulling down the ribbed frontpiece exposing to the sun s enhancing hot lecherous lace said boobie twin moons nuzzling cheek to cheek like a babys soft behind. No one was around why shouldn't she? Their second floor sunporch though separated from Cranston's House by a small court was peacefully inaccessible to any naughty or inquisitive eyes. None of them even up probably. She'd just lie there and get done to a tuen. Mustn't forget the Sea and Ski. She dreamed of tan eleavage behind pale green tulle. An ad for sun lamps

Was the bright flash that woke hee au eteenal beacon? A warning from the pocket mirror of the vigilant virgin? Or did it fly leom the bloodshot eye of Nastiness? Even in the confusion of coming awake she guessed the latter as she propped herself with one arm and scooped up the limp front of her swim suit. She blinked in the heat retrieved the sweet drool that had oozed from her peppermint mouth and scanned with pained and accusing eyes the innocent windows of the second and third floors of Cranston's House. Another flash! Now she spotted it—my God! The roof there behind the chimney. How could they

Of all the impossible. She flopped around on her stomach still clutching her midriff with her plump forearm and could almost have cried in mortification if she hadn't eemembeeed that she'd only given two hours to her eaives the day before and they were practically white

Cranston lowered himself backwards, cautiously cautiously down off Blazer's crotch-smelling blanket on to the hot shingles of the dangerously sloping roof, squeezing with one hand Quaif's Japmade $50 binoculars, and with the other a natneal hand-hold in the chimney. Oh God a shveel As he grabbed involuntarily for the pain he made the mistake of looking down and saw only a crazily pirouetting maple seed falling feom a tree whose highest branches were lowee than he. Holy oh ow—Blazer for Chest. He didn't hollee he kept it in a whispee albeit somewhat hoarse

"Blazer you heae me?" Cranston had on an old ball cap bettee for the viewing. Blazer stuck his head out the gabled window took in the situation then stepped one foot oo to the gutter still holding on to the window feame. Their fingers touched. Cranston gave a little leap and found himself face to face with his fellow voyeur ugh in the embeaee of the pimplest guy in the House

"J'g's up?" Cranston whispered into Blazees heeswaxy ear. Blazer pulled him panting into his room. "Neat set up aint it? Didn't I tell you?" "Great." "What d ya see?" "Nothing." Nothing? Why the hell d ya yell then? Getting so goddamn hot up there I nearly fell off." What'd ya say J'gs up for? "I don't know. Couldn't think of anything else pretty scaey ya know." Cranston had to sit talking to the jerk for a long time before the stiffness he'd contracted on the roof subsided and he could take his lie to his room

He closed the door and locked it. My God what this! My date. My girl, peaceneally! He'd have to warn hee some way though. That horny Blazee might spot her then what? Good thing that horny bastard was good for something and that pimpy Quaif with his drawing board and his My dad brought these back feom Okinawa. Cost plenty more in the States so be darn careful. What the hell you gonna look at this early? Mount Rainee simp

Foe an hour he struggled with debit and credit peobit and loss, but it was no go. He sprawled on the lowee bunk of his sleeping porch a little rest would do him good. Why had he studied so long? Now he'd probably have creles undee his eyes, and there she'd be tan to the eyeballs. But why should he worry? Those chammoomhas! His girl. Would she evee? Could he evee hope that she'd give him just one little

Maybe tonight. But no damnit, she trusted him. It was no use trying to sleep. Out on the court some of the brothers and the girls from next doee weee having a little B ball game. Rapptapptapptapptapp then a squeal just as though one of the guys had copped a feel off one of them. Should he go down there? She might be with them. Jealousy warmed his forehead. No he wouldn't try it. Shooting eye would probably be off after. Could they guess from that?

He dozed a bit and when he woke up he went straight to the mirroe and sure enough theee was a pimple oo his chin. Goddamn. Why couldn't he just have held out till tonight? No use to despair though. sun would dry it up. But he didn't eare what the ads said he was going to squeeze this one take his chances. He got the pus out pretty well and washed it eeal good then he thought he'd go down and try a few shots

No one on the court but old Jensen Athletic stud. Good looking never had to worry about pimples. Maybe he neyee snapped his wiee. Ha! Eveeybody did. Still he wondered if old Jensen could tell anything from the way he was shooting, way off. Cranston kept to one side

(continued on page 59)

"Son!!! Is that a nice thing to call your mother's creamed chipped beef on toast?"

'Tis the Season to do Folly

Dull politicians tout New York as a Summer Festival but every true cave-dweller sets his heart on the Winter Holidays, when the juice floweth at Office Shindigs and the Year's repressions fantastically unzip themselves—look!

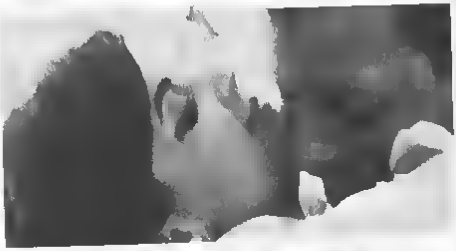
PHOTOGRAPHS BY LEE KRAFT

In center of p. 16 you see the end of the tabled strip, on upper left one of the ladies is caught unawares in a gent's office directly beneath you see how lame things were [illegible] the ice started. The three pix below speak (yelp) for themselves

Armed with an open mind and a camera Nugget was recently invited to the first Manhattan office bash of the new holiday season. We'll give you a tip: if you ever get a similar invitation, don't say "No" because this was an occasion we'll never forget. It was about 6 P.M. when we got to the spanking new offices of this rising young corporation and things were quiet indeed as drinks were passed around by the office extrovert in convenient paper cups. Ice was added from a midget fridge discreetly tucked into the snippy room and the staff as we viewed it, looked fairly fidgety and uncomfortable. This is going to be a lame embarrassing business was our thought as we swished our Canadian Club around and nervously tapped our shoe, waiting for the action. Well, we didn't have to wait long. What had begun cynically and with apparent yawning boredom soon reached heights of insanity that we had previously only fantasied but never actually seen. A portable radio started beating out some muscle loosening sounds, the good booze began taking effect, some impromptu twisting broke down the wall of shyness—and then there was no halting the energy once set in motion. Men and women who had done little more than nod at each other

during the previous year were wrapped in embraces (as you'll see via our candid camera) so torrid that we're sure they're warmed by the memory to this very day. Nick the surface of "civilization," dear friends, and then watch out! Couples began disappearing into small offices, singles began running out of same offices in various stages of, ahem, shall we say, disarray, various female undergarments

Directly below you see the boss playing wolf man in his own office God bless him To your right starting at the top a series of assorted smooches after things got jolly Right top of it It was just at the point when a lovely looseness was coming over the gathering prelude to the incredibility that followed And at the bottom you see what happened to the stock room boy or part of it



snddenly flew through the air like the grooviest sort of confetti, and the climax was reached —as you can see by glancing to the left—when a slender secretary began what is without a doubt the most uninhibited amateur strip ever performed on East 55th St We were told that she apologized to her boss the next morning, but this gentleman was so zonked he didn't remember a thing Now we grant you that there are plenty of offices around town that would frown on this kind of urban bacchanale but we have nothing but pity for such thin blooded, business above-all dreariness In fact we re wrapping this particular story up quickly because we have to cover the typewriters and nail down the desks for a little gathering of our own later in the day Damn it If we knew your phone number we d ask you to make it — but no cameras, please!


"HIYA, SWEETHEART"

by Alfred G. Aronowitz & David Gelman

Two N Y Post reporters joyously zero in on a New Frontier Agent-type

On his desk top there was a solid gold statuette in the style of Sir Jacob Epstein depicting two hands in a firm handshake On the base of the statuette was an inscription that read, "It's a deal "

There was a picture of a movie starlet overwritten with a note that said, "I love you—you're the best husband I ever had ' They were expensively divorced now, but he explained that the picture was still on his desk because she was still his client There was a clock that told what time it was in Baku, Dar-es-Salaam, and West Haverstraw, N Y , but not in Beverly Hills where the desk happened to be The inscription on the clock read, "You're never on time anyway, you bastard "

There was a Dodger schedule a *Hollywood Reporter*, a San Francisco edition of the *Wall St Journal* a confidential list of clients that had been stolen from a desk-top in a rival agency, a copy of *The Executive Coloring Book* and a screen treatment of *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* There was a silver reliquary with the word "Marijuana" engraved on it. The reliquary contained Equimil, which he preferred to Miltown

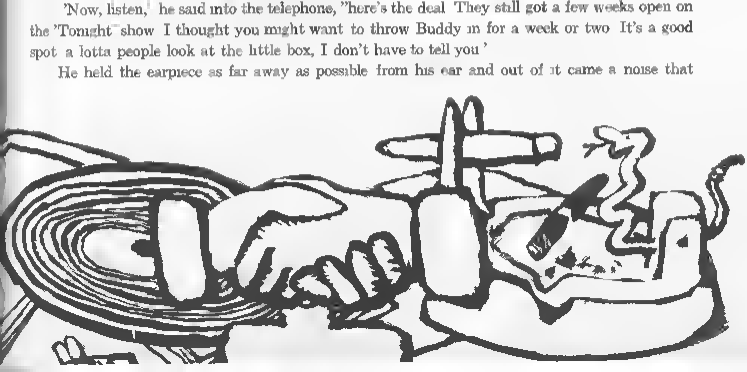
There was a heart shaped paperweight of solid platinum that held down a pile of last year's Christmas cards, including one from Gregory Peck, one from Molly Bee, three from Jerry Lewis and one from Forest Lawn Cemetery The paperweight also had an inscription It said, "To the best agent in the world—I love you for life," and it was signed by a star he was now suing for $30,000 in back commissions.

There was a gold record that had sold at least 200,000 copies, a scratch pad with no scratches on it an ashtray adorned with two brass fingers holding a brass cigar with a red light at the end of it and a coiled chrome rattlesnake that sprang up and lit cigarettes when disturbed There was an antique French telephone that was not connected and two modern pink ones that were One of them rang six times and he picked it up

"Oh, hiya sweetheart," he said He smiled, winked, as if to say, "Listen to this," and leaned back into the foam rubber recesses of a swiveled black leather armchair The armchair had brass legs in the shape of an eagle's talons, each of which clutched a hand-sized globe. The globes served as casters on the deep piling of the rug and the armchair embraced him with all the tenderness of a giant Nubian slave On the wall behind his head was a photograph of him shaking hands with Cardinal McIntyre at a fund raising dinner

'Now, listen,' he said into the telephone, "here's the deal They still got a few weeks open on the 'Tonight' show I thought you might want to throw Buddy in for a week or two It's a good spot a lotta people look at the little box, I don't have to tell you '

He held the earpiece as far away as possible from his ear and out of it came a noise that



sounded like Donald Duck

What do you mean what it he does?" he answeed into the telephone "All eight so he'll think of something funny when he gets there All right, to he'll have funny guests No just a week five nights, you know a *week* Aw what are you worried about plenty of guys are booked foe it who aren't as funny as Buddy—Steve Laweence, Jack Caetce Bob Cummings—

—*Jerks jerks jerks!* Out of the ear piece Donald Duck suddenly made himself understood "What the hell do they need it foe" Donald Duck's voice said So Buddy goes on for a week and if he's funny he's a big man at the end of the week. And if he's not funny? he ends! What does he need it for?

He shrugged his shoulders drummed "The Children's Marching Song" with his fingerups and looked at his watch, a solid collar of gold about his wrist. His cufflinks also solid gold bore the initials YOUSOVA which he later explained stood for You can't do business sitting on yone ass When Donald Duck had finished he said I love you sweetheaet stay well hung up the phone and dialed a number with his pinky It had a star sapphire ring on it.

Hello sweetheaet," he said talking into the mouthpiece "Now listen here's the deal Buddy can't make it He's got some commitments. But listen sweetheaet, let me look through the book, maybe we'll come up with something

Now let's see who we got here How about someone with dignity? Who? Walter Pidgeon that's who Too dignified huh? I'll tell you what, I think what you need is a wholesome personality someone like Alex King No just onee in a while he gets rough but this is a guy who talks good when he gets going

Does it have to be a comic? I was thinking of George Kafe. Oh he'd be beautiful sweatheaet real glamor Look, you wanna take a chance on Lenny Bruce? No he'd behave he's done television before Listen think about it, sweetheart And while you're at it think about Anna Maria Alberghetti she could break up the joint comes on like gangbusters you know? All right sweetheart I'll talk to ya."

He hung up the pink phone swiveled to his Nubian slave and fixed his gaze on the bar set which was built into the wall opposite his desk In the waiting room outside Musak oozed from a wall speakee

"You wanna know what an agent does?" he said "That's what he does. He takes people some of them are old some of them are new and some of them are blue and some of them are actoes and he books them—into night clubs into television into the movies into anything He gets them jobs, it's as simple as that And they pay him 10% of what they get paid.

"It's like a general sticking pins in a map only the agent got to know what each one can do and what they can've do and what's good for them and what isn't Sure they could book themselves but none of them got a head for business oe they just don't want to be bothered

"Then you get him a date and he opens somewhere and you've gotta fly there to hold his hand opening night, or you gotta go down to the movie set and hang around to make sure he's happy the director's happy and the producer's happy If he's great, you gotta tell him how great he was. If he bombs you gotta tell him how great he was.

"And I know one illustrious comie I won't mention any names he doesn't like empty tables when he works a club and you gotta go pull people off the streets or you make the waiters sit there and he orders 6 000 noisemakers for the customers, because he likes to hear from them when he tells a joke So he finishes his two-week gig and the manager complains to me he's stuck with 5,500 noisemakers and don't try to book that stuff in here again. Would you like a drink?"

His eye fell on a bronze brandy snifter atop a Chinese modeen end table with abstract dragon heads at each corner The end table stood next to a long couch which could seat six in close ordee drill and which was upholstered in a fabric printed with parimutuel tickets He pressed a buzzer on his desk and a beautiful young woman appeared at the door She was his secretary He ordered two Scotches on the rocks and she slid back a section of the office wall exposing a bae and soda fountain. She poured the drinks served them with a furtive glance at her boss and walked out leaving a rear view behind her

She looks better with her girdle off," he said. They all come to Hollywood wanting to be movie stars and I give them all a break. She's in love with me When my girlfriends call me up she listens in on the extension sometimes. It drives her out of hee skull That's another thing great about this business. You always have plenty of good-looking chicks. Movie stars or secretaries they're all the same If you're interested in chicks this is the business to be in If you're interested in money you can make that, too

See don't think I don't love my work I've been in this business 10 years and I still don't know where I'm going Draw a picture of an agent? You might as well draw a picture of an ulcer Draw a picture of an agency? You might as well draw a picture of an ulcer factory Me I'm very fortunate. I happen to have worked at the three factories in the business and so now I've got a compound ulcer You know each one makes them a little different—MCA that's the Music Corporation of America GAC that's General Artists Corporation and William Morris, that's Abe Lastfogel. He runs William Morris like it was a corner grocery store oe he tries to but it's still a factory MCA of course that was the biggest so they made the biggest ulcers.

I was at MCA two years and I couldn't take another tenth of a second They fired me But I'll always be grateful to them They taught me everything I know They taught this whole business everything it knows. It thought it knew everything and then MCA came along and made it a business You know what I mean? A business!

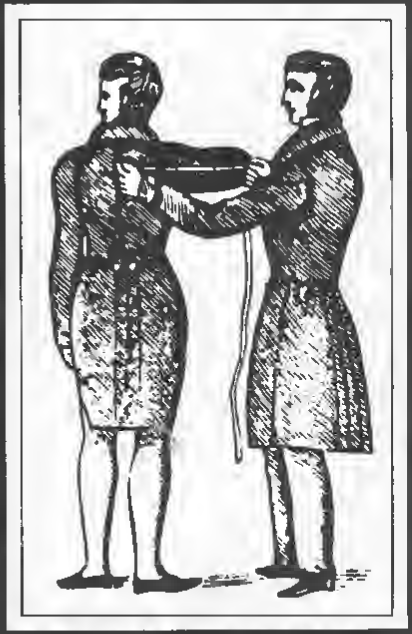
"Of course an agency is a great place to work if you hate your wife They'll keep you theee six seven days a week, 13 14 15 16 hours a day I mean a good agent doesn't know from family oe anything else Me I hate my wife anyway so I work the same hours eegardless I mean it's a eat race in the factories especially MCA when it was in the business It's all like teamwork you know Everybody let's work for the team except that sometimes you find you're not competing against the other agencies, you find you're competing against the guy in the next office

Now I don't ambulance chase you see That's one thing I won't do MCA, or the othee big agencies, they come around to talk to your talent and they'll do anything from letting them win at canasta to taking them on a world cruise to get them away from you They start the Chinese toeture They take yone boy one for a drink and tell him Why are you letting that jerk handle you? You'll starve with him. I could have got you 10 000 a week for that gig he gets you live." Or they start sending flowers to one of your girl vocalists like lovers. But me I don't ambulance-chase."

He mused a moment glanced across the room toward an autographed photo

(continued on page 28)

NUGGET



Fashion Design Awards

Last year, when Nugget inaugurated its Fashion Design Awards, we said our aim was: "To turn the public's attention to the importance of design in men's fashions, To encourage American mass manufacturers to experiment with, and produce, more exciting popular-priced styles and designs, To bring to light talented new designers in the men's field." The number and quality of this year's entries leads us to believe that our aim is in the right direction and that we are hitting our targets with a significant degree of success. The awards are again based on these criteria: Basic Design, Masculine Appeal, Manufacture In 1962, Availability, Realistic Price Range. Congratulations to the five winners. *(turn page)*

1962 WINNERS

The fastest-growing style among the new fashions introduced this year, is the one-button suit. This contour model gets Nugget's Award. A fine design by Andrew Fallack.

Man-made suede made big news this year. Nugget picks a car-country coat by Spiewak Jackets for its expensive look and inexpensive price. A winning design by Norman Berger

Jantzen's V Neck cardigan gets the nod in the sweater category. This thick and thin tweed is woven of Integlio worsted and features six wood buttons. Design by Herb Zedl.

A repeat winner—Robert Beech of R.F.D. #1 becomes our first two time winner for this Hunt cloth country weekend suit. Lined in red flannel it's water repellent.

Mister Jackets' ski parka by Art Tekle wins hands down in its category. Of woven Antron nylon it's reversible. Five zippers and a hidden hood are other features.

SWEETHEART *(continued from page 24)*
of Lanny Ross smiled contentedly and then said: You see this is what I like, being on my own. Here I run my own world, call a Cartier shop. I have 15, 20, 25, 30 jewels that's all I want. They take care of me. I take care of them. I love every one of them. I wouldn't let them take a bad gig. We get along like a family. At a bigger agency you can't sit down with the talent and say: This is no good for you, that's no good for you. You gotta get out there and sell. Here I get out there and sell without anybody telling me.

Because a salesman is what you are in this business. You got to make friends and when I say make friends, I mean *make* them. Nobody deals with enemies. The trouble is you never really know who your friends are until they've *made* you. Talk about deals. One studio I go into, I haven't sold them anything in months. I holler and I scream and I call them a monopoly because they got a tie in with another agency and I make a real scene. I really put them down. So I sell them a director that way. They actually buy a director from me. Then what happens? I go back to the office. I call up the director. I tell him he's in, and he says "Gee sweetheart, thanks, thanks a lot, but you know I've decided to sign with this other agency, the one that's tied in with the studio. You ready?" All the time I'm making this scene at the studio, they know they got this director hooked in, stolen him away from me. Sure I've got a contract with him, but they're going to handle him without any commission until his contract with me runs out.

The pink phone rang and he reached for it absent-mindedly, picking up the disconnected French antique instead. "Hello," he said, "hiya sweetheart," and he waited for a voice. He looked at the phone, put it down and then picked up one of the pink ones, which was still ringing. "Hello Herbie?" he said. "How ya doin', baby? . . . Listen Herbie, I want you to get through to Milton and tell him I need a 100 thou. . . . What do I need it for? I want to buy a property, that's what I need it for. . . . Yeah, it's a great script, everybody in town's talking about it. . . . Because you haven't heard about it, that's why you're not talking about it, listen, you just don't have my connections. . . . Oh, for christsakes, what the hell's the difference what's the name of it. I don't know the name of it, but it's a great script. . . . No, I haven't read it, but one of the guys who wrote it told me the story, and it's be just right for Tony and Bobby. . . . Listen, Columbia's already offered $75,000 for it, every studio in town is bidding for it, and I'm sure we can pick it up for a 100 thou. . . . Get through to Milton, will you, if I don't close the deal by tomorrow, somebody else'll pick it up and I'm sure it'll go to a 150. . . . Yeah, baby, call me back. . . . Stay well, sweetheart."

He hung up the pink phone again and shook his head. You don't get a minute to yourself," he said. At home the phone starts ringing at eight. You know by then it's 11 o'clock in New York. I've got to be in the office for meetings at nine or out at some studio or out at some actor's house, but I'm held on the phone until 10. All day long the telephone, the telephone, ring-a-ding-ding. Then I hear one of my clients is unhappy, so I go over to see him in his dressing room at the studio and he's sitting playing the banjo with a couple of kooks, and I walk in and he says "Hello" and I say "Hello" and I sit down and listen to them play for 20 minutes and I get up and I say "Hey, sweetheart, that's great, that's cool, baby, listen I got another appointment, I'll stop back later," and he shakes my hand and says, "I'll see you later, baby, thanks for dropping by, come again, don't be such a stranger."

So then I go take some producer to lunch and we go to Scandia and he gets loaded at the bar while we're waiting for a table, because no matter how you duke the maitre d' at Scandia you got to wait three lunch hours for a table and you can't go anyplace else, because that might be beneath the producer. Well, as I was saying, he gets a little high and to tell the truth I get a little high, and it's bad for my ulcer, or maybe it's good for it, sometimes I can't make up my mind. But the point is that whatever advantage I got on him because he's high, I lose it because I'm high, but I've got to match drinks with him and then we sit down at a table and have lunch and by the time we're through it's nearly 1pm, and I've missed two meetings, three of my clients are mad because they couldn't get me and a deal has fallen through.

"Deals are important, they're the whole business. The way this business is today, the deal is the most creative part of the deal—I mean, of the whole works. You'd be surprised at some of the angles. Look at how MCA did it—real creative. They created a star, they created his bookings, then they turned him into a corporation and he started creating. It could go on forever. It should. This is the law of nature—reproduction, right? We don't go on stories in this business today. A story is nothing, but a *vehicle* for a star. It's the star that counts, and he wouldn't be able to count to 10 without an agent.

You've got to tailor the story to fit the name. In the same way you've got to tailor the deal to fit the star. That's the greatness of an agent. For instance William Holden when he was asked to do *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, he had no business interests to eat up the money. He didn't need the money. If he got the money, the government would only take it away from him. So his agent made a deal that set it up for him to be paid at the rate of $50,000 a year and that would keep him in a lower bracket. But the picture made so much money that, at $50,000 a year, it's going to take 90 years for him to get all the money that's coming to him. This is what makes the business beautiful—it's full of surprises, it's got suspense, drama, laughs—money—everything. And the agent has to turn in a great performance you know what I mean? If he's any good, he's a better actor than most of his actors.

The door opened abruptly and an agent from the next office walked in, accompanied by a character actor with a face that was more familiar than his name and a beautiful young blonde whom he introduced as the next Greta Thyssen. He explained that she had been a runner-up in the Miss U.S.A. contest, was an expert baton twirler, could draw pictures underwater with the right kind of chalk and had some material of her own which also made her the female Mort Sahl. As a demonstration she did an impersonation of Jacqueline Kennedy buying a Duncan Phyfe cabinet in a Third Ave. antique shop. The agent said that he had discovered her with the character actor's help on a Hollywood softball field where *Life* had just taken pictures of her team losing 22-0.

Sinatras been calling her up for dates, too, he said.

They talked for 10 minutes about her career, hinting at a third lead in a Bobby Darin picture and then spent another 20 minutes playing liars' poker with $10 bills. The agent lost $90.

"See," he said when they had left, "this is what an agent does. Well, this is not what *all* agents do. They didn't

(continued on page 61)

"Guess who"

BANG BANG YOU'RE DEAD !

THE UN-WONDERFUL WORLD OF KIDS' SAVAGE TOYS by MARVIN KITMAN

Four officers, 16 enlisted men, and four frogmen stood rigidly at battle stations. Their faces were frozen in hatred for the enemy as the dreaded nuclear-missile loaded atomic submarine, Barracuda, sped under hostile waters. □ "Up periscope," shouted the commander. □ A red light flashed somewhere in the submarine's bowels. □ "What's that?" I asked. □ "Nuclear reactor signal," he said. "The chimes you hear are a warning signal in the engine room." □ Suddenly, a ship was spotted through the periscope. □ "Ready with four torpedoes," the commander yelled at his crew. "Fire one... Fire two..." □ We sailed on, not even bothering to stop for the sinking ship's survivors. Poor devils. □ Several minutes later, the commander gravely announced: "We are now ready to launch missiles." □ He punched away at a button on the submarine's control board. One...two...three... four deadly nuclear-tipped Polaris missiles zwooshed through the water, levelled off in the air, and roared down the track towards unsuspecting target cities. I shut my eyes, visualizing mushroom clouds, blinding explosions, crumbling buildings, suffocating firestorms, peeling flesh, radiation poisoning, the dead and dying. □ When I opened my eyes again, I saw the four missiles landing with a dull *thuump* on the deep-pile blue carpeting, next to a receptionist's leg, in the Fifth Ave. showrooms of the atomic submarine's manufacturer, Remco Industries Inc. □ "What do you think of *that?*" asked the Remco salesman who had been acting as commander of the submarine as it rolled on the showroom floor. □ "Beautiful," I said, staring at the receptionist's legs. □ "We really blasted them," he said. "Who?" I asked. "Whom?" he said, bending down to pick up all his missiles. "The Russians. Kids like to use their imaginations that way..." □ The Barracuda is a toy, or *plaything*, as American toymakers prefer to call their products these days. It is a yard long replica of the real atomic-powered submarines now patrolling hostile waters, complete with nuclear weapons, sound effects, and a crew of 24 life like sailors made out of plastic who can be seen working and living below the Barracuda's plexiglass

deck. Although her keel was laid sometime in 1961 the Barraenda didn't go down the ways until last spring during a series of tests conducted by the American toy industry in New York City shortly before the Kennedy Administration began a similar series of tests at Christmas Island. Some 1,200 toymakers tested their new weapons on 10,000 buyers who came to the 56th annual American Toy Fair to stock their stores shelves for Christmas. On the basis of buyers' taste the industry made important decisions on the kind of weapons it would stockpile for the 1962-3 make-believe killing season.

I went into No Man's Land at the Toy Fair to find the answer to an even larger question: Toys a psychiatrist once observed are a miniaturization of life. A survey of the world of Bang Bang You're Dead then might say more about our nation's real attitude towards disarmament and the human condition than the words our ambassadors were then using at high minded disarmament conferences in Geneva.

A pugnosi could make a *prima facie* case for the American toy industry's being in the midst of a massive arms race today. The industry's apparent objective is to make American kids the best-armed kids the world has ever known. To accomplish that goal the nation's toy arm makers manufacturers are making three kinds of weapons: *tactical nuclear*, like the Barraenda; *conventional*; and *non-conventional*. A typical conventional weapon is the T-52 Electronic Ball Thrower Gun Set made by Remco Industries, a company which ranks as the von Krupps of the toy arms business.

All you have to do is slip on this combination oxygen mask and earphone device, explained the Remco salesman who seemed as pleased as a Basil Zaharoff demonstrating the toy.

Real gun bursts and tracer lighting effects are built right into the toy, he said. You try it.

Roger! I said slipping into the turret.

I can report that if the junior gunner doesn't suffocate in the oxygen mask—which I hasten to add is impossible unless a kid has a sniffed nose—he can have a ball of realistic fun with the ball turret gun. Even though I have a medical history of getting an sick I got three Messerschmidts one Heinkel, and four Stukas I could have even gotten the salesman if I hadn't run out of ammo.

Remco's biggest competitor in the arms race is the Ideal Toy Corporation whose showrooms are also on New York's Fifth Ave. Although Ideal is up to its neck in conventional and tactical nuclear weapons it is also the leader in non-conventional weapons or monsters.

Last year the Ideal people stunned the toy armaments industry with Robot Commando, a monster who could roll — on TV commercials at least—through a city like an urban renewal project, smashing building after building with his mighty fists. Ideal's big gun monster this year — King Zor the Dinosaur — is much more sophisticated in his tactics. Consistent with American foreign policy King Zor only fights when attacked.

Smallish as dinosaurs go, measuring only 31 inches long and 12 inches high and in realistically colored white green and red, the monster lumbers along as tranquilly as a Peace Marcher until his sensitive forked tongue hits an obstruction. Then Zor roars in exasperation. He backs away emitting under his breath turns to one side then another before lurching forward in a new direction. King Zor goes to war when a kid fires Ideal's exclusive Dinosaur Dart Gun at a red disk on the King's tail. I couldn't bear taking notes during the carnage which follows when King Zor runs amuck — even a monster doesn't like to get his tail shot off—so let's take the staff paleontologist at Ideal's word for it.

King Zor ROARS his protest and shoots a ball at you. As his tail is hit again and again with the darts, the dinosaur shoots back one ball at a time. Finally when King Zor hurls all eight balls his power has been weakened and the once mighty dinosaur is now under control.

Watching King Zor in action I was reminded of the remark made by Pierre Francois Joseph Bosquet, the French marshal as he observed the Charge of the Light Brigade on the fields of the Crimea in 1854: "*C'est magnifique...mais ce n'est pas la guerre*." (It is magnificent, but it isn't war.) King Zor may be unrealistic but he is nevertheless a toy of lasting significance. For the first time in the history of the toy arms race, a toy has been designed to actually shoot *at* children.

This remarkable innovation is a first step towards teaching children there is another side to war: taking as well as giving. As of this writing Zor doesn't have the power to really hurt a child. Should the principle of deterrent toys be accepted—and zooming sales of Zor this season presage a flood of Zor-like monsters next season — traditional American zest for improving on an idea, while copying it, will undoubtedly produce monsters which really sting. In our time it is possible that kids may learn that war can be hell.

Through the rockets red glare at the Toy Fair I also saw another ray of hope that the American toy industry may be groping for a slightly saner nuclear arms policy.

Traditionally the industry has always turned out infantryman's weapons loaded with play value and authenticity. And in my six days at the Toy Fair I handled more guns than I had previously in my two years as an enlisted man in the U.S. Army. Yet the surprising thing about this year's exhibit of foot soldiers' weapons is the industry's apparent reluctance to copy the latest innovation on the battlefield—one and two-man nuclear firing devices like the "Honest John" and "Corporal."

Our combat troops already have these weapons and under the ground rules of toy war games the industry normally could have been expected to market replicas this season. A hand held "Honest John" would be high in play value, in real life it can incinerate a brigade of enemy troops. Yet the industry chose to commit itself instead to water guns.

Don't laugh. Our toy arms-makers water guns aren't the puny ones most of us knew as kids. They hit almost as hard as the water hoses French security police employ to break up political riots. Water guns I handled ranged in size from the "Sneaker," a palm-sized 150-shot repeater water pistol with patented hydro-jet pump and no-clog removable nozzle to a "submachine water gun" which has "adjustable sights," "silent action" and can fire 500 shots without reloading. Both products of Elden Industries Inc. The Power Jet Squad Gun manufactured by Mattel Inc., not only shoots a stream of water up to 35 feet—"Further than any water gun ever made" according to a Mattel publicity release—but fires smoking caps at the same time.

The renaissance in water guns perhaps represents the American toy arms industry's realization that man does not fight by nuclear weapons alone. The same conclusion incidentally, has been reached in the adult Department of Defense. While the Pentagon insists on making bigger and better nuclear submarines and missiles it also grows increasingly concerned about the need for equipping and training so-called "Special Forces" troops capable of fighting guerrilla wars in the jungles of Laos and Vietnam and the mountains of Cuba. With the firepower available in the Atomic Age these GIs go into battle armed with the equivalent of water pistols.

(continued on page 64)

And here the Heavyweight Champion of the World... Floyd Patterson coming in at 189 lbs. in his stiffest test. He flunked

THE FIGHT

Patterson vs. Liston

by

JAMES BALDWIN

We, the writers—a word I am using in its most primitive sense—arrived in Chicago about 10 days before the baffling, bruising, and unbelievable two minutes and six seconds at Comiskey Park. We will get to all that later. I know nothing whatever about the Sweet Science or the Cruel Profession or the Poor Boy's Game. But I know a lot about pride, the poor boy's pride, since that's my story and will, in some way, probably, be my end.

There was something vastly unreal about the entire bit, as though we had all come to Chicago to make various movies and then spent all our time visiting the other fellow's set—on which no cameras were rolling. Dispatches went out every day, typewriters clattered, phones rang, each day, car loads of journalists invaded the Patterson or Liston camps, hung around until Patterson or Liston appeared, asked lame, inane questions, always the same questions, went away again, back to those telephones and typewriters, and informed a waiting, anxious world, or at least a waiting, anxious editor, what Patterson and Liston had said or done that day. It was insane and desperate, since neither of them ever really *did* anything. There wasn't anything for them *to* do, except train for the fight. But there aren't many ways to describe a fighter in training—it's muscle and sweat and grace; it's the same thing over and over—and since neither Patterson nor Liston were doing much boxing, there couldn't be any interesting thumbnail sketches of their sparring partners. The feud' between Patterson and Liston was as limp and tasteless as British roast lamb. Patterson is really far too much of a gentleman to descend to feuding with anyone, and I simply never believed, especially after talking with Liston, that he had the remotest grudge against Patterson. So there we were, hanging around twiddling our thumbs, drinking Scotch, and telling stories and trying to make copy out of nothing. And waiting, of course, for the Big Event, which would justify the monumental amounts of time, money, and energy which were being expended in Chicago.

Neither Patterson nor Liston have the *color*, or the instinct for drama which is possessed to such a superlative degree by the marvelous Archie Moore and the perhaps less marvelous but certainly vocal, and rather charming Cassius Clay. In the matter of color, a word which I am

not now using in its racial sense, the Press Room far out-did the training camps There were not only the sports writers, who had come, as I say, from all over the world there were also the boxing greats scrubbed and sharp and easy-going, Rocky Marciano, Barney Ross, Ezzard Charles, and the King, Joe Louis, and Ingemar Johannson, who arrived just a little before the fight and did not impress me as being easy-going at all Archie Moore s word for him is desperate, and he did not say this with any affection. There were the ruined boxers, stopped by an unlucky glove too early in their careers, who seemed to be treated with the tense and embarrassed affection reserved for faintly unsavory relatives, who were being used, some of them as sparring partners There were the managers and trainers, who in public anyway, and with the exception of Cus D Amato, seemed to have taken, many years ago, the vow of silence. There were people whose functions were mysterious indeed, certainly unnamed possibly unnameable, and, one felt, probably, if undefinably, criminal There were hangers ons and proteges a singer somewhere around, whom I didn t meet, owned by Patterson, and another singer owned by someone else—who couldn t sing, everyone agreed, but who didn t have to being so loaded with personality—and there were some improbable-looking women turned out it would seem, by a machine shop, who didn't seem, really, to walk or talk but rather to gleam click, and glide, with an almost soundless meshing of gears There were some pretty incredible girls, too at the parties, impeccably blank and beautiful and rather incredibly vulnerable There were the parties and the post mortems and the gossip and speculations and recollections and the liquor and the anecdotes, and dawn coming up to find you leaving somebody else s house or somebody else s room or the Playboy Club, and Jimmy Cannon, Red Smith, Milton Gross Sandy Grady, and A J Liebling, and Norman Mailer, Gerald Kersh Budd Schulberg and Ben Hecht—who arrived, however, only for the fight and must have been left with a great deal of time on his hands—and Gay Talese (of the *Times*), and myself. Hanging around in Chicago, hanging on the lightest word, or action of Floyd Patterson and Sonny Liston

I am not an *aficionado* of the ring, and haven t been since Joe Louis lost his crown—*he* was the

A leading American novelist trains his typewriter on the bomb of the decade

And in this corner the fearsome challenger Sonny Liston, weighing 214 lbs and supremely confident Rightly so

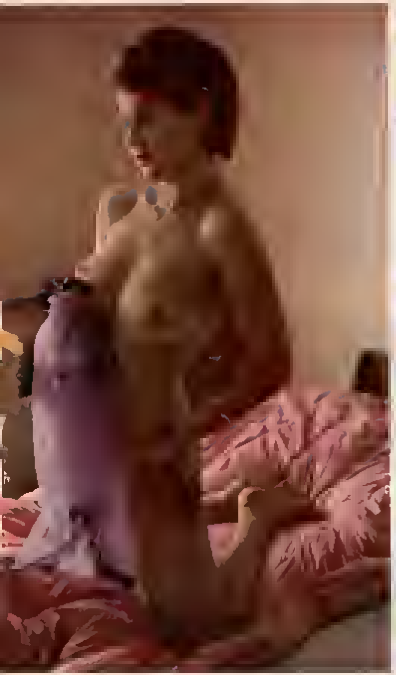
last great fighter for me—and so I can't really make comparisons with previous events of this kind. But neither it soon struck me could anybody else. Patterson was in effect the *moral* favorite—people *wanted* him to win either because they liked him though many people didn't or because they felt that his victory would be salutary for boxing and that Liston's victory would be a disaster. But no one could be said to be enthusiastic about either man's record in the ring. The general feeling seemed to be that Patterson had never been tested that he was the champion, in effect by default though. On the other hand everyone attempted to avoid the conclusion that boxing had fallen on evil days and that Patterson had fought no worthy fighters because there were none. The desire to avoid speculating too deeply on the present state and the probable future of boxing was responsible I think for some very odd and stammering talk about Patterson's personality. (Thus Red Smith to declare that he didn't feel that sports writers had any business trying to be psychiatrists and that he was just going to write down who hit whom, how hard and where and the hell with why.) And there was very sharp disapproval of the way he has handled his career since he has taken over most of D'Amato's functions as a manager and is clearly under no one's orders but his own. In the old days " someone complained the manager told the fighter what to do and he did it. You didn't have to fritz around with the guy's *temperament* for Christ's sake. Never before had any of the sports writers been compelled to deal directly with the fighter instead of with his manager and all of them seemed baffled by this necessity and many were resentful. I don't know how they got along with D'Amato when he was running the entire show—D'Amato can certainly not be described as either simple or direct—but at least the figure of D'Amato was familiar and operated to protect them from the oddly compelling and touching figure of Floyd Patterson who is quite probably the least likely fighter in the history of the sport. And I think that part of the resentment he arouses is due to the fact that he brings to what is thought of—quite erroneously—as a simple activity a terrible sort of complexity. This is his personal style a style which strongly suggests that most an American of attributes privacy the will to privacy and my own guess is that he is still relentlessly painfully shy—he lives gallantly with his scars but not all of them have healed—and while he has found a way to master this, he has found no way to hide it as for example and he miraculously tough and tender man. Miles Davis has managed to do. Miles disguise would certainly never fool anybody with sense but it keeps a lot of people away and that's the point. But Patterson... tough and proud and beautiful is also terribly vulnerable and looks it.

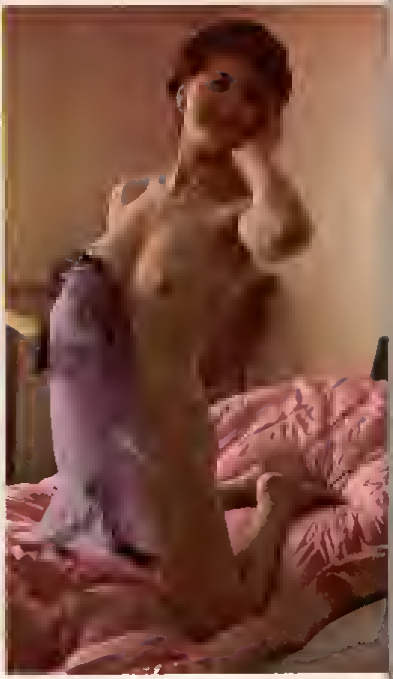
I met him, luckily for me, with Gay Talese whom he admires and trusts. I say luckily because I'm not a very aggressive journalist don't know enough about boxing to know which questions to ask, and am simply not able to ask a man questions about his private life. If Gay had not been there, I am not certain how I would ever have worked up my courage to say anything to Floyd Patterson—especially after having sat through or suffered, the first for me of many press conferences. I only sat through two with Patterson, silently and in the back—he, poor man had to go through it every day, sometimes twice a day. And if I don't know enough about boxing to know which questions to ask I must say that the boxing experts are not one what more imaginative though they were I thought, sometimes rather more insolent. It was a curious insolence, though veiled tentative uncertain—they couldn't be sure that Floyd wouldn't give them as good as he got. And this led again to that curious resentment I mentioned earlier for they were forced, perpetually to speculate about the man instead of the boxer. It doesn't appear to have occurred yet to many members of the press that one of the reasons that their relations with Floyd are so frequently strained is that he has no reason on any level to trust them, and no reason to believe that they would be capable of hearing what he had to say even if he could say it. Life's far from being as simple as most sports writers would like to have it. The world of sports in fact, is far from being as simple as the sports pages often make it sound.

Gay and I drove out ahead of all the other journalists in a Hertz car and got to the camp at Elgin while Floyd was still lying down. The camp was very quiet bucolic really when we arrived set in the middle of small rolling hills four or five buildings a tethered goat—the camp mascot, a small green tent containing a Spartan cot lots of cars. "There're very few conscious here," someone said of Floyd's small staff of trainers and helpers. "Most of them have two cars." We ran into some of them standing around and talking on the grounds and Buster Watson, a close friend of Floyd's stocky dark and able led us into the Press Room. Floyd's camp was actually Maryerest Farm, the twin of a Chicago settlement house which works on a smaller scale but in somewhat the same way with disturbed and deprived children as does Floyd's New York alma mater The Wiltwyck School for Boys. It is a Catholic institution—Patterson is a converted Catholic—and the interior walls of the building in which the press conferences took place were decorated with vivid mosaics executed by the children in colored beans of various Biblical events. There was an extraordinarily effective crooked cross, executed in charred wood hanging high on one of the walls. There were two doors to the building in which the two press agents worked, one saying *Caritas* the other saying *Veritas*. It seemed an incongruous setting for the life being lived there, and the event being prepared but Ted Carroll, the Negro press agent a tall man with white hair and a knowledgeable weary gentle face told me that the camp was like the man. The man lives a secluded life. He's like this place—peaceful and far away." It was not all that peaceful of course except naturally it was otherwise menaced and inundated by hordes of human beings from small boys who wanted to be boxers to old men who remembered Jack Dempsey as a kid. The signs on the road pointing the way to Floyd Patterson's training camp were perpetually carried away by souvenir hunters. ("At first," Ted Carroll said we were worried that maybe they were carrying them away for another reason—you know the usual hassle—but no they just want to put them in the rumpus room.") We walked about with Ted Carroll for a while and he pointed out to us the house, white with green shutters somewhat removed from the camp and on a hill in which Floyd Patterson lived. He was resting now and the press conference had been called for three o'clock which was nearly three hours away. But he would be working out before the conference. Gay and I left Ted and wandered close to the house. I looked at the ring which had been set up on another hill near the house and examined the tent. Gay knocked lightly on Floyd's door. There was no answer but Gay said that the

(*Continued on page 67*)

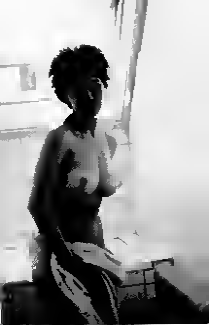
"They want blood—but we could give them something else to think about."

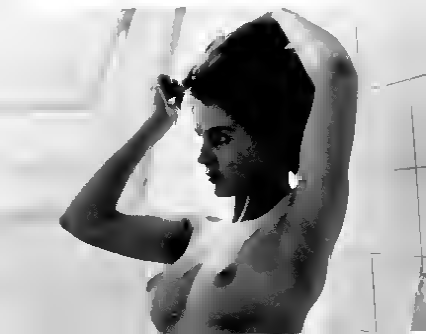




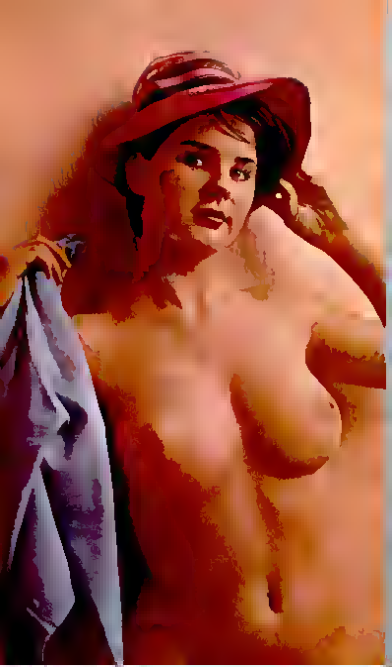
RISE & SHINE WITH CINDY
A FOUR-PAGE GLIMPSE INTO THE PRIVATE LIFE OF A MORNING GLORY

Facts: Cindy Wilson is a Danish import (don't ask how she inherited the Wilson handle, it baffled us too) and when she sleeps single—yes, boys, a pity!—she wakes up like a sumptuous Turkish delight and then does the soap-and water bit like so

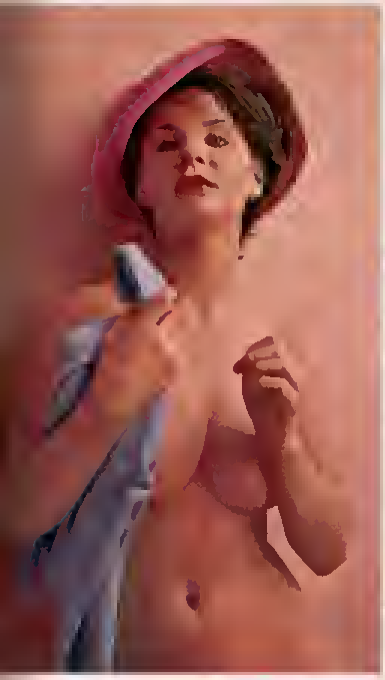


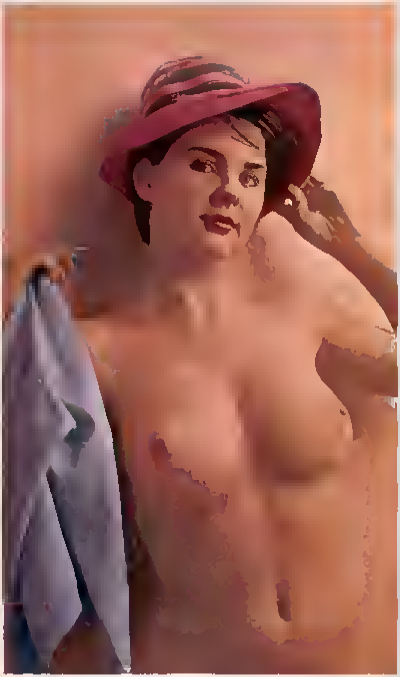


Behind the scenes-work contumes as Cindy towels herself off in the proper places and then turns that lovely collection of goodies towards the mirror, making herself pretty for the day ahead No wonder our swinging expatriots head straight for Denmark!



Hat on, shirt about to follow this mighty monument to nature is soon going to leave us to work her charms (bountiful, to understate the case!) on still another collection of vulnerable male animals the pants-wearing gentry of Copenhagen, that is. Nuts to them!





satire by RALPH MALONEY

THE LANGUAGE (HIC!) OF THE WORKING LUSH

The great unsung hero of American Business Life is the successful drinker.

We shall refer to him as the Working Lush, in order to avoid the usual boozy connotations of the term **drunk**. *Our man has never seen the Bowery—and never will. He knows only by hearsay that the Third Avenue El is down, or that the unfashionable West Side of Manhattan is there at all. He is respected in his work and home community, he makes a lot of money, he looks better in the morning than many of the younger, soberer men around him, and he is a little drunk always.*

How does he do it? How, for that matter, could you do it?

There are, first, Two Rules that you must carry in your consciousness always.

RULE ONE *is simply this:* ***Realize that you are a Working Lush.*** *This does not mean that you are sick. Neither is it a preface to any decision to abandon alcohol. It is a simple statement of fact. Once this difficult bit of self-knowledge has been digested, you are on your way to success in modern business life.*

RULE TWO: ***Drink one day at a time, one drink at a time.*** *Commit this rule to memory—or better, your memory being what it is, write it down on the back of your wife's or girlfriend's picture where no one will ever look, and carry it in your wallet.*

Having defined the twin rocks upon which Success is built, let us proceed to the important subject of Linguistics.

THESAURUS: *Nomenclature and semantics play a large part in the success pattern of the Working Lush.*

*The first thing you must do is cleanse your mind of all the comfortable and familiar terms common to The Art: **saloon, mart, lush, belt, double,** and a host of others. These words are replaced by circumlocutions, gaucheries, and outright* *(continued on page 66)*

JOKER

JOKER

A morality tale of a no-account ad-man

Although the young exec had a groovy chick he found that he was knowing her more but enjoying her less. They decided to visit a female marriage counselor to see if they couldn't be sociables again. This helped not a whit so he immediately switched brands, took up with the marriage counselor, ended up with a treat instead of a treatment.

The latest in fashion intelligence comes from England, where the editor of a leading magazine offered this defense for a man refused admission to a pub because he was tieless. "A tie is a damned nuisance in a public house. Not only does it constitute a certain restriction of the epiglottis, but is inclined to dangle in your beer—and in the cheaper brands its dye may well discolor the drink."

Three spinsters who vacationed at a northwoods resort soon found that sleeping in a lonely cabin can be rather frightening so they hired the elderly handyman to sleep in the nearby woodshed.

Returning to the same resort the next year they found that the adaptable handyman had nailed up a sign which read:

Wood chopped. Errands run. Nervous women slept with.

All dimples on top and wiggles below the not-so-dumb doll slithered up to the clerk in a stationery store and asked: "My boy friend is prospecting for oil in Texas—do you have a 'Get Well Card' I can send him?"

A ripe redhead talking with her escort over a dinner menu was heard to make the following suggestion: "I will have a *pate de fois gras* followed by pheasant under glass, provided you are not saving up to buy a ring or something."

Early each morning Hank, who prided himself on his physical fitness, would romp out to the beach and do his daily dozen. This particular morning, an old sense—apparently on his way home after an all night binge—happened along just as Hank was doing his push ups. Stopping close by he studied the scene for a moment and then advised Hank: "Shay buddy, you c'n stop now—she's gone!"

Still another variation on the gastro-anatomical habits of cannibal chiefs: in this instance the chief returned home inquired about the evening repast and was overjoyed to hear the menu— Baked Beings.

The delicious young thing decided to take a bike ride in the country but she soon got a flat tire. Spying a young man in a hay field she called to him for help.

A few days later, the local sheriff paid a call on the kind lad. "Well," began the sheriff laconically, "I heard the girl's side of the story, now let's hear yours."

"It was this way, Sheriff," the young fellow replied. "I fixed her tire like she asked me to. She didn't have any money to pay me, so she called me back in the bushes where she took off her pants. The pants didn't fit me, so I took the bicycle."

Around Capital Hill, they're still talking about the U.S. Indian delegate to a White House Education Conference who signed the registration blotter at the Mayflower Hotel: "X X."

"But what does that stand for?" asked the puzzled desk clerk.

"The first X... the Indian replied with great dignity, "represents my name. Sitting Bull III. And the second stands for Ph.D."

Two Beats looking jaded as all hell, were standing on a corner when a sensational blonde pulled up to the curb in a 1963 Cadillac convertible. Casting a provocative smile in their direction she purred: "How would you boys like to have something you've never had?"

"Man, let's split," one of the Beats said, "this broad wants to give us cancer."

The two bulls in the pasture were shivering from the cold. Finally one bull declared in a loud voice (bull talk, naturally) : "I'm cold as hell. I'm going to the barn and slip into a jersey."

The Greenwich Theater, a movie house in the Village of the same name, had this inviting double feature: *The Most Wonderful Moment* and *Bed for Two*.

Not automation but an over-supply of natural resources put these lasses out of work. In Canterbury, England, an electric parts maker decided to lay off all busty young females because of alleged inefficiency. It seems their own parts prevented them from getting too close to those of the machines.

PIQUE

SATIRE BY GEORGE GORDON

I saw the best breads on MacDougal Street give up The Road, brushing past
my crusty corduroys and sagging turtleneck,
Clinging to a shadow plaid two-button continental cut, with pasty
pompadour and bloody Mary sacks,
Sucked into the bucket seats of creamy Thunderbirds, their swollen taillights
leering like the red rumps of twin baboons,
Backfiring their dark monoxide laughter, while I sat shaking, gripping
the throbbing needles of my second-hand Lambretta.
I saw the best breads on the nine-to-five bit sell out for dinner and
martinis, walking antiseptically through the chipping room,
Looking out of eyes like jeweler's lenses, their faces hard as alabaster
chamber pots, with hips like dead black seals,
As I lay buried in hairy rolls of barbed Manila hemp, jaundiced yellow
gum paper, and screaming "FRAGILE" labels,
Shoving blue Dresden china into corrugated coffins, lined with effervescent
excelsior and shredded copies of The New York Times,
While the executive V.P. dropped his Marlboro into my container of coffee,
reminded me to turn off the lights,
Then goosed my beloved in the elevator, while she smiled, and I lost
a week's pay kicking a dowager soup tureen to death.
I saw the best breads in Louie's Tavern, high haunches tapering down
to bird bone ankles, shrug off love
And leave with lacquered fingers clamped around the bloated diamond pinky
of a big time bookie, rhino necked,
Wheezing his bourbon chuckles into the pale lips of my beloved, nudging
her super hams into the submarine cab,
And running his octopus pods along her chartreuse aylon calves as they rode
a midnight pilgrimage to Copa,
While I nursed my bottle of dry as a beer can be, turned a sweet fag down
cold, and screwled a howl of rage on the free verse wall of the john.
Oh, Veronica, I see your soul reflected in a stale pool of vintage '28,
surrounded by a wall of sodden crepe cuzettes,
A ribbon of ticker tape around your madonna's head, while I hang shrieking,
strapped to a pair of obsolescent pogo sticks.
Wholly, wholly, wholly! I want you wholly, wholly, wholly! Wholly mine,
wholly all, wholly in non-convertible adventure!

I saw the best breads in the magazine mills, stacking the morning pancake
mail upon my three-month old submissions,
Like geological layers in a museum case, phoning their nasal hunger pangs
to an order pad in Joy-Ful Luncheonette,
The editors swishing in at ten, their Shick Electric cheeks twitch
in the mind-grinding scheduled fluorescent air,
Staring past my gaunt unpolished eyes, the failure of my stiffening
Lodco coat, slumping into their swiveled sinecures,
Their intercom voices saying "No" from the tired room of decision, as
my beloved brushed her toasted English into the waste basket,
Pulled my Joker from the bottom of the deck, and said "Shall I wrap it,
or will you eat it here?"

"And you walked all the way here just to return my change?"

the shubert marauder

Jeffrey P. Baker tells a short story about a peculiar stud who is truly something else

First off, there's a few things you should be put on to. I'm a jazz musician, I blow boss piano, and what's more, all the other things are happening too. Like I wear shades sans cesse (that's French for always, you dig, like all the time) I make pot, which is jazz for marijuana, I drink what has been described as an excessive amount of Gallo Port, when the heat's on, and I wear this groovy green beard which I'm sure you'd flip over. My beard comes down to my chest. I dyed it to match my eyes, although I didn't quite make it, and to complement my end hair, which is flaming red. ¶ As you are probably well aware, the public, that means you dad, does not respond favorably (I've got a B.A. in English from N.Y.U., uptown) to my particular art form. We gas each other by putting each other way down. So, since a cat's got to eat and have enough bread to get turned on, I have been forced to pursue an alternate means of livelihood in order that I might supplement my meager musical income. Like I steal. ¶ What I do is I hang out on some corner in the city and I wait for some young cats to come by. When I find a live one, I ask him, in a cool way, whether he wants some action, any color action. I describe sensuous Oriental, spade, and gray chicks to him, and, if this isn't enough, then I tell him all the things these groovy young


M Akuman

chicks will do for him for different prices. By this time these cats are willing to follow me to the end of the world so it's easy enough to have them follow me into a dark alley. I hop them on the head. I've got a real blackjack just hard enough to render them senseless. Remove their wallets and split.

While not as cool as blowing jazz in some hip room, I find that the monetary rewards are considerably better and more consistent in rolling people. Besides it takes a real lame stud to follow a sick looking cat like me with a green beard and shades into a dark alley. You do that and you deserve to get rolled. I must admit that while I am undoubtedly losing prospective customers by telling you all this it feels good to get it off my chest.

Since I'm in this talkative mood, I might as well mention what amounts to my biggest kick. Like I hang out in the middle of the theater district, you know... Shubert's Alley... when all the shows are breaking. Looking as inconspicuous as possible, I stand at the entrance to one of the theaters. Then when some chick in a cool looking evening outfit makes it through the door, I walk up to her look her square in the eye and say: Eat shit.

Man, you should dig the expression on the chicks faces. It's the end. It's an absolute gas, like it's too much. Of course I split the scene as soon as I can but I still have time to dig their faces. Sometimes these studs in expensive evening attire actually start chasing me, me like a track star in jeans and tennis shoes. Man, it is by far the funniest thing you've ever seen. Oh yeah, the way I get away is I duck into this secret entrance to the sewers that only I know about. I call myself the Shubert Marauder. Watch for me in the local tabloids that is if they ever let me out of the joint where I now am having been busted on a morals rap.

It's not what I'm here for but you might as well be hip to the fact that I am as queer as they come. I've hated chicks since the day I first laid eyes on my bad-assed mother. My old man, on the other hand, is something else he's too much, a real beautiful cat. We had only one hassle in all my 20 years at home. That was the time he kicked me out of the house for going after the bitch with this huge kitchen knife. I just wanted to scare her a little.

By now it should be clear that I am not exactly what you would call a first class citizen. In fact most of you would probably agree that I am one of these so-called beatniks. I cordially invite all of you squares out there who feel like putting me down to get the hell out of here. I don't want contempt and I don't want pity. So like if you find all of this revolting or if you don't but are willing to excuse me because I'm insecure or something, then I hate your goddamn guts and wish you'd get out of my life. I DON'T WANT YOU. I DON'T NEED YOU. GET OUT. What I want are cats who can FEEL. Everyone else eats it.

Dig now that I've gotten rid of the squares. I can say what I want to say. Before I go on though, I better get a few things straight. I am a jazz musician with all the trimmings. I do have a green beard. I'll explain that in a minute but I am not the Shubert Marauder. I haven't got the guts for that, and I don't roll people although I think it's probably a sure-fire way of making some bread in this sick city. I do have a B.A. but unfortunately I'm not queer.

Most of what I expressed below is my fantasy, not my history. I wish I were strong enough to assert myself against what I put down but my history only reflects my weakness. For example, my beard which I do have is a sign of weakness not strength.

The truth of the matter is that chicks kill me. I really flip over groovy looking chicks. I am the first cat in the world to admit that there are a whole lot of foxes in this town. But I have never come across a chick who was anywhere as cool as she looked. To put this another way, chicks are like Riverside records.

Consider a normal Riverside record jacket. They have this great looking color photo of the jazz group which tit the side on the front and a good photographer can make even Monk look great. On the back, they have some quasi hippy who works for the company write these liner notes. The cat throws in off the cuff remarks about the group using words like "cool," "groovy," "swinging," etc. etc. He implies that after this side is released the group will have no trouble getting recognized as the best in the world and the record will be sold out in about five minutes. These cats are pretty clever and I've been put on more times than I care to admit to. But and this is important Riverside does come out sometimes with some swinging sides. This fact alone distinguishes chicks from Riverside records. Chicks are always a drag.

I'll tell you why I grew my beard.

When I was a junior at N.Y.U. I met Carla. I was blowing some jazz in the student lounge on this end. Steinway grand. I was low that day and I was blowing some down omor blues. At that time I was a pretty cool looking stud. I do say so myself.

I was really on to something when this end chick walked into the room and sat down, crossing her legs where I could look directly at her. She wore a pastel blue sweater and a tight tweed skirt which was tailored to hang out the best in her fantastic body. Her eyes were blue and the gentlest I had ever seen, and her soft features were framed by the loveliest blonde page-boy imaginable. The chick was a fox.

When I finished blowing, she walked slowly, easily up to me, looked me deep in the eyes and said, in a voice which would cut the sirens that she would like to help me. Now if you were a jazz musician you'd understand how and why I flipped. Here I was pouring my soul out for someone to pick it up and this amazing looking chick not only digs my need, but offers to help me.

Well, without saying more than 10 words to each other we made it back to my pad in the Village and made the grooviest possible love. This went on for exactly six weeks, euphoria for six weeks, ecstasy for a month and a half. I think she took up with this artist afterwards, then an actor, etc. etc.

What happened was that she had seen me around and thought that the jazz musician syndrome was kinda nutty. (She was a Psych major or something like that from one of the most ouddle class families in the universe.) But I wasn't for her at least not after I had spilled out my guts to her and the syndrome was misunderstandable for her. I only had a chance to tell her all my emotions, thoughts, hopes and what I thought about her before she split. And the worst thing was she thought she was being kind.

More great looking chicks have pulled this but on me than any other cat I know. Carla is just one example. The pattern is pretty much the same. First they eat up my insides then they search for other insides. They're ghouls in swinging costumes. Each time it happened I felt that my soul had been carefully eaten away and each time it was more painful. For it was any cumulative soul that was being spit out by these chicks. So I decided to grow a green beard.

I figured if this way I'd made myself as unattractive as possible and believe me nothing is uglier than my beard, no chick would look twice at me and I couldn't possibly be fooled anymore. I was so wrong. I'll tell you what happened to my green beard, shades, and all.

Last month I signed a contract to blow

(continued on page 71)

"Good grief, Marsha—how sexy can you expect an obstetrician to be after a full day's work?"

NOT FOR RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL

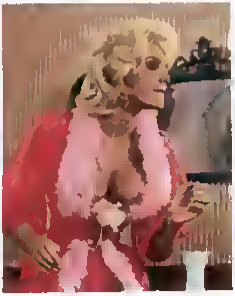
or A Romp With the Busty Avant-Garde

The male imagination must be served by cinema in a lot of non-Academy Award ways, and the accompanying shots of a little item called *The Bellboy and the Playgirl* are one of them. Chances are you *won't* see it at your neighborhood theater, so we at Nugget—always trying to serve our cause (namely that even Harvard men enjoy undressed women)—take a certain amount of honest pride in giving you an invigorating preview. Why do we call films like this part of the avant-garde? For a pertinent reason: although the erotic has long been an under-the-table affair, it is now in shortstory, book, painting and film becoming an acceptable feature of contemporary life. In that sense—whether done expensively or modestly (like the present flick), it is truly in the mainstream of underground expression and must be dealt with humanly rather than with the tired hypocritical expressions of "smut," "filth," etc.—all the robot-like moralizing of people who won't accept the erotic in themselves or others.

Pictures like *The Bellboy and the Playgirl*, unlike what you might think, not only get down to the once-taboo details that separate the boys from the girls, they're usually pretty damn funny, too. *Bell-*

boy and Playgirl is no exception It features the antics of a fairly addle pated bellhop who attempts to expose a roomful of "lingerie models" staying at a certain hotel He strongly suspects that the ladies—headed by the extravagantly endowed June Wilkinson as Madam Oleo—are not models at all (aha!) but ladies of a somewhat older profession This nut, in best burlesque-type tradition, uses every conceivable and inconceivable means to force an entrance into their room and see *exactly* what the questionable young fillies are up to.

In addition to a field-day of appetizing views of the famous Wilkinson upper structure, the earthy film goer is also treated to a barrage of happy flesh from June's un-shy colleagues A final curious note to those interested in the economics that surround this kind of universally appealing but usually hush hush type of movie *The Bellboy and the Playgirl* was originally filmed in Germany and it was then bought up by a dame-luffing Hollywood producer Next he dubbed it in English, then filmed additional scenes to *round it out* Yankee style No square he!



The mighty Wilkinson!

WILLIAM TENN'S FIVE-SECOND BOOKSHELF

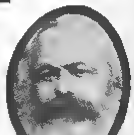
in which a noted science-fiction writer collapses, condenses & concentrates the most newsworthy of current best sellers with vitamins intact

BY HIMSELF

ILLUSTRATED BY DALY & MAX STUDIO

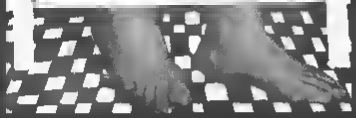
MIKEY, JOANIE, HINKEY, WINKEY, BLITZEN & ITCHY

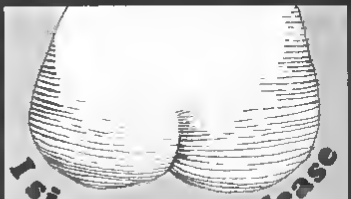
Another shatteringly subtle novel about the Spiegel family of the East Bronx and its conversion to Sunnite Mohammedanism. Soap opera for intellectuals that is outselling the New Standard Revised Edition of the Bible! Why is there always shish kebab in the pockets of Grandma Spiegel's ubiquitous yellow housedress? What philosophic conflict peculiar to the Mysterious East Bronx impels all males of the family to blow their brains out as soon as they are old enough to lift a revolver? How the hell do the girls of the family manage to get knocked up — who dares interrupt their brilliant monologues with crude fleshly advances? Nuances, nuances, nuances!



An Anthology of men's room Poetry and Prose

An introduction to one of the oldest forms of pure folk art compiled with painstaking scholarship from the walls of the world's greatest toilets. What is the relationship between plumbing and poetics? Basic verses and their variation in terms of national temperament, conditions of privacy and surrounding room temperature. Graffiti screwed on the walls of a long-ago Roman latrine that provide new understanding of the ancient equivalent of telephone numbers. Lavatory precursors of Aeschylus, PROMETHEUS BOUND. Dante's INFERNO. Milton's PARADISE REGAINED. Have our modern poets lost touch with the fountainheads of literature? Watch for the second volume — MEN'S ROOM ART: DRAWINGS IN PEN, PENCIL AND NAILFILE.





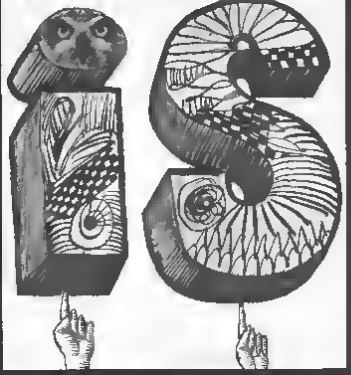
I sit where I please

The inspiring story of one woman's courageous fight against piles. "You will never sit again," the doctors told her, yet 10 years later she was able to lower herself into a cushionless rocker! Photographs, detailed diagrams and three-dimensional raised cutouts in full color. A selection of the One-Buttock-Book-Club.

The last of the trilogy that begins so strongly with RAS and continued with the brilliant WILL BE. This novel by the superb British stylist, Derek Grandhouse, is far and away superior to any novel by a superb American stylist.

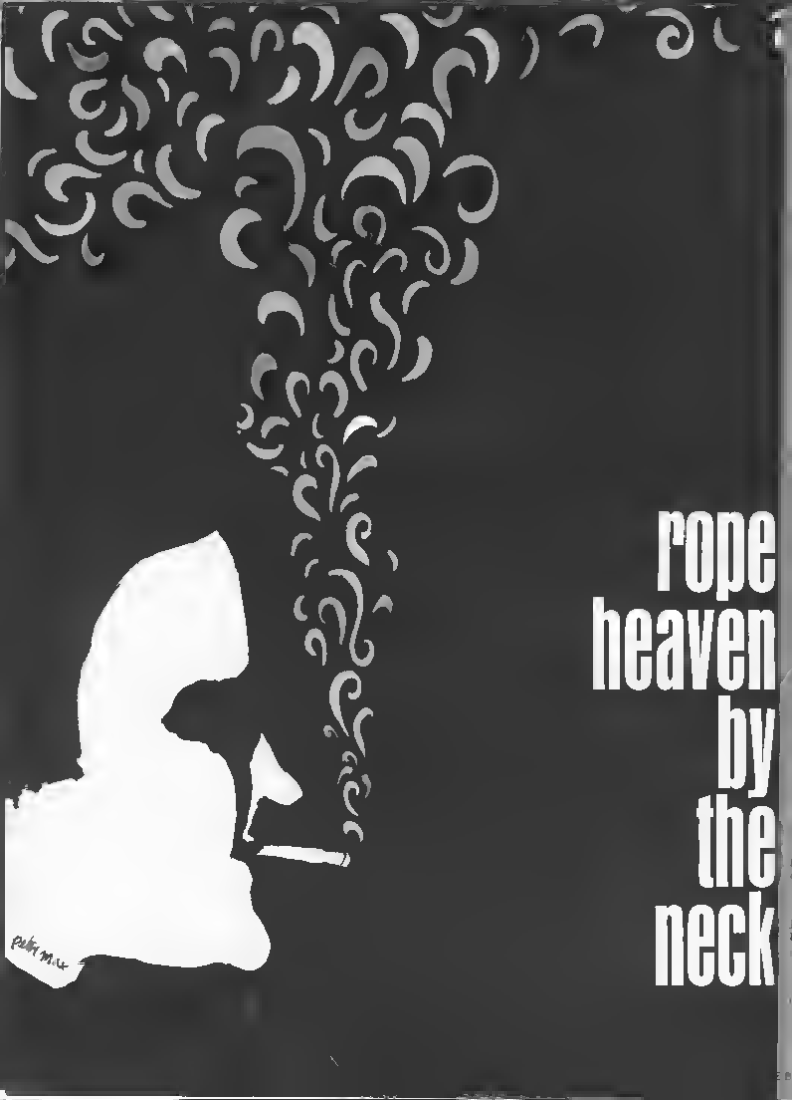
Laid in storied Constantinople at the precise moment when its name changed to Istanbul, it deals with tourists checking their baggage through a customs shed as the lights go out. Then, the entire action of the novel takes place in the dark, symbolizing the opaque depths of our mental processes. A Greek girl named Fallon Athene searches the baggage compulsively for her lost manicure set, symbolizing something rather significant about childhood. All possible sexes are depicted, interacting with each other, symbolizing all possible sexes interacting with each other — and suggesting delicately Man's abiding love for Woman.

A selection of the Obscure English Trilogy Book Club



The unforgettable experiment that reconstructed under hypnosis the fascinating previous existence of an Altoona Pa. shoelace salesman. The first neighs that came through — and who got the idea of putting the salesman's tie in his mouth to give the illusion of a bridle. Then with realization that he was speaking from his two-centuries-back incarnation as a horse came the massive problem of breaking an equine code. Tremendous historical discoveries: Paul Revere's secret Tory sympathies and the chortle with which he actually called out, "Ho ho ho, the British are coming!" Magnificent Americana.

For the first time, a straightforward, behind-the-scenes account of Jacqueline Kennedy's most secret thoughts and experiences by a real feminine intimate — an airline stewardess who accompanied her on one of her flights somewhere. Tells all! How did the Smithsonian specialists really feel about erecting an Early American outhouse on the Presidential lawn? Why did a drooping petticoat almost destroy the Atlantic Alliance? What did Mme. de Gaulle say about Nina Khrushchev and what was Nina Khrushchev's incredibly succinct reply? A selection of the Junior-Jacqueline-Kennedy Book Club.


rope
heaven
by
the
neck

Short story by John Rechy

come to pershing square, baby—meet a cowboy-booted male hustler

"Hey man! — how you makin it?" Common ovee — jine me." Chuck sat — lazily on the railing at Pershing Square under the statue of a World War I soldier valiantly facing the street. Wearing a new pair of cowboy boots — ee-splendidly bright (orange-brown traces of yellow) — which he's showing off by rolling his levis an extra turn — Chuck sits there as if on his own frontporch. "Where you been?" he asks me.

There were times — that long Los Angeles summer — when for days, I couldn't face the park. But, always, I came back as before. I had returned to Times Square in New York.

I only told Chuck, "I've been away."

"Ain that somethin now?" he said. "Me too — I been away too. I had this gig justa while ago." He yawned as if even the memory of work tired him. "It was in this packing lot out in Hollywood. This score I met out here, he got me that job. But hell, I figure, So I make a few bucks working. I blow them — jes like that!" He indicated the new boots. "Tough huh?" "I mean, he went co-crazy if you dig what you're doing — but *jes workin'*! Shoot! I get along jes as good without. Why hassle moren you got to?" Squinting at the sun, he added philosophically: "There's jes two kindsa people that den gotta work. Those that got all the money, an those that ain got none."

"An me," he said happily, "I ain got nothin."

I sat next to him on the railing. In my mind later Chuck like that statue would become a part of my memory of Pershing Square. Chuck sitting there in the lazy afternoons in the same spot, shoulders hunched, hands holding on to the railing, balancing himself — long lanky legs looked loosely undee the bar by booted toes as if on a fence on a ranch, sandy hair jutting out from the wide hat over long sideburns — as he looks at the passing scene of Pershing Square with what I would usually think was amusement — but wondee occasionally oe is it more like bewilderment?

Othees in that restless nervous, frantic world came and went, suddenly disappearing altogethee. But Chuck seemed always to be here. Unlike the rest of us who hunted the park, he seldom even moved about hunting scores — not because of vanity or self-confidence. I am sure but because he preferred to move as little as possible. In that world of downtown Los Angeles, he was one of its best liked citizens — as much by the scores as by othee hustlers — perhaps because with him everything always seemed to be going right. He moved effortlessly from day to day as if taking a necessary journey which he must make as easily as possible.

It's that limbo-time in Los Angeles arbitrarily called "spring" merely because technically summer hasn't come. The weather inches toward summer boundaryless.

In the park — and it is early afternoon — are the familiar sights of mangled American outcasts of every breed. Undee the drooping palmtrees, old men and women sit on benches and outside the enclosed lawn along the ornee ledges, the vagrants of all ages — the younger ones out to score and the older ones out merely to fill the necessary space of time exquieed of that day to qualify them as being "alive" — sit singly or in groups, always waiting the mask-like faces of people expecting anything or nothing.

When I got this gig — parking cars — Chuck was going on. "I figured there's

got to be that matehouse somewhere in Hollywood I heard so much about an someone ll spot me sign me up foe it Think of it man hustle eliekst Any wat this score I was telling yon about he says Chnek yon jes work in my paek in lot an someone s bonnd to slow that knows where it is an you ean go there an apply But I ell nothin happened, an I got tieed The shengs his shonlders His hat was pushed away from his face tneined toward the sun Gettin a tan hi explans yawning lazly veey long an—uh—it makes me—eeal—sleepy

Dnreetly behind ns the howling voice of the Nrgro woman who preaches there every day eises in a wail Eares surroundment while she goes through a religtens revelation She eh ieches hee throat gasping ont eloked obsessol mnrteengs eyes sfnt delinonsly one hand dangling ntmately betwen her slightly spread an lt ed legs—Ike a lindesqne qnieen Comin Lawd she annonnces tennphantly She gasps now as ll she s seen Hm Inrking among thi Califoenia palmtrees She greets Hm with bnmping hips Com n Lawdee! and her bands are stretched ont to eeceive Him

And Chnck says gleelnlly as rl welcoming the Rangers in a movie Yippeee! Man-oh mant She has made ttl—I sweae ste has made ttl Then he yells to hee Heab Hm Lidy You jes geab m while you gotsm—an don I let! go!

He tnrns to face me The best way to get there he mnses yawning is to take it slow

Get where?

He shrngs Wheeever I mean wherevee you *wanna* go Like loe hee— indicating the Negro woman —hee see she wants to make t to Heavin Or I mean like if you wanna make it to New York or Denver oe nowhere like me

And there it was

There it was what had intrnged me abont Chnek Iroin the very beginning his easy happy acceptanee nI nothingness It wasn t resignation—it was acceptance I look at hnm as he smiles into the bright gl ie of the sun In the in dst of all the tneblenco he was always inviably cool—almost as ll some compassionate angel had whspered a secret to hnm (which mnst have been something like Rest) and based on that secret he semed to live his life nntonehed by tnl moil—yet the tnrmoil sntronnded hnm constantly

And so how could I explain to hnm the lrantie ennning that Ine me was Youth? With the stark ee alization that yon eonld never outrnn it I beeame more and more anxious to bnrn up—to find a meaning in Youth where I was beginning to suspect thrre was none but that very burning Bnt how can I explain this to Chnek?

The others of ns hustling Main Steeet and the park nevee spoke abont one teeroe—but it was stamped in every leantie gesture in evey empty pose of nncoeeen—revolt against the great huge ennvelopin g mnlingness stamped even in the peetense of not giving a damn Bnt not Chnck And nnlike the rest of ns, who woeked at indolence from bae to bar to bar to paek his idleness had an aspect of pnrity

Along the walks in the paek the hunters and watchers slowly thickened I noticed three male hnstlers standing a few leet feom ns. I can hear snatehes of their conversation I rolled him loe a Cman— Man I scored 20 bills— The preaching has increased The angel sisteers are marching solemnly to the ieoener—led by the sinster deacon old man A man is standing neches before the howling Negro woman and as she lifts hps, he pnts his hands behind his neck and thenst his pelvis lewdly at her shouting Gol while she continnes howling Lawdl Don Inre me wid da Delnl Lawdl Ah done seed Ynh ti all Ynh gloeyl Lawd as I playing hidi and-seek with God A tattteeel geay old man drunk passes I y nnnibling Goddnmn! Ood Jesns-damn Chnck is staring ll all this He shakes his head I wnt cueiosnly loe his comment

What he says is Man—dig those birds. Before ns, two pigeons are cooing romantically at each ohee Now am they something? They make it wi ll each ohtee in broad laylig t, an nobody busts them foe in-deeent exposnre

Thi sun s shifting shadows stretching The Peeshing Square pameuna in prepaaation foe the n ight is exlnb ting itsell in all its flashy alternnon shreds. New preachers have invaded tl ie paek New hnsd is New scoees Jenny I n is at it again bnckto oedly preaeling And the angel sisters aee hynnning in the distance about how mneh Jesns loves them A man in black peeaching charity is saying Givel—instead of selling! Givingl is an aet of eighteonsness!

Chnck says Yon nonee lately in the paek how many guys yon think are scores want yon to go with them for Ireel

The preachee shonts

Idleness!

Chnck Man I am gett n tired jes sttn' here.

Ignorance!

Chnck You know I never could stay in school without cutting Man I nsed to look odt tlnt window an then jes run out. That old teacher man she even throwed a rock at me once

Selfishness!

Chnck Yeah a lot of guys they wanna get yon loe free

In the increasing warmth he rells np his sh ti sleeves, scratches his arm—lovingly—where the tattoo is proclaiming and leaves and rosebnds DEATH BEFORE DIS HONOR. My old lady Chnck explains, she akehoolly went with me when I had this here tattoo put on me Ma she says It s kinda sweet having somethin like Mom on yone aem—bnt I guess, she fig nres—well— He smiles beightly remembering the long ago scene with apparnt loniliness Did I ever tell yon ti at story?

I shake my head For me in the midst of the tnrmoil oi ny own life Chnek seems like a kind of symbole anchoe But why do I constantly expect a contrndiction to the easiness?

Sey, when I got this tattoo he was saying it was back in Geogria where I was born

Georgia? I thought yon were from Texas

He smiles embarrassedly Well see I ddways tell people I am from Texas—cnase I was hnng np on being a cowboy—an I akchoolly lived there too See when I was a kid I nsed to go to these nnovies—Westeens— Oh no, man it was not Texas It was Georgia all ngel t—

He faxes his grayish eyes straight ahead on nothing nmediate on the past, may be remembeeing the scene See I was oh just a kid—an one day Cheist, when I was 15 that little town in Geogia well I jes got tired of it man I mean I jes knew it was time to split Like something calling yon My old man he died long ago There was five of us—all beothees—an Ma We lived on a kind of farm like outside tl at town see? So I tol hee one day I am gonna split that town—go somewhere else Man she was cool my Ma She did not say Dont go oe Wait—or nothin She jes looks at me an nods nndrstanding like Then she asks n e when am I leaving Tomorrow I tells hei An—man—she says—dig this—she says Well we are gonna go into town yon an me We had this old Ford I remembee it real good—an I eemember hee drivin it into that ole town like she was on a horrod! Yippee!

He adjusts his hat firmly on his head as ll ih wind even remembered were powerlnl enough to blow it off

So we go to this bae he went on an sl e ordees beer Beer she says to the bartendee loe a boy tl at is gonna

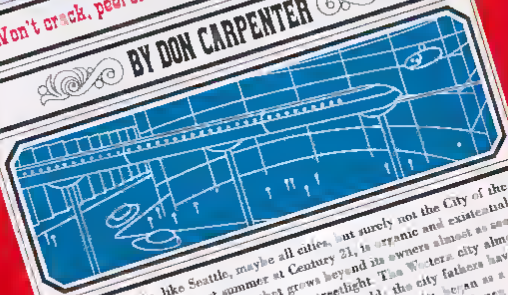
(continued on page 72)

SEATTLE 2001

CITY OF TOMORROW IF THERE IS A TOMORROW

(Won't crack, peel or blister, says World's Fair Booklet)

BY DON CARPENTER



A Western city like Seattle, maybe all cities, but surely not the City of the Future as seen this past summer at Century 21, is organic and existential, a creation of the middle-class that grows beyond its owners almost as soon as the first drunk shoots out the first streetlight. The Western city almost always began as a fort and ended as a battlefield. The city fathers having walled in mere marauders than they walled out. The city began as a rendezvous: the hides, furs, gold or lumber brought here by the wild men from the mountains, the soldiers stationed here to forray out when one gang of wild men massacred another, the merchants who (continued on page 62)

"Push-ups. What do you do?"

PEEPER *(continued from page 14)*
of the court most of the time so as to keep his face in the sun, and Jensen had to remind him a couple of times that it was his turn. Two more showed up so that there was some time between turns. Cranston relaxed on a sawhorse after making a beauty, then Spot, the House mascot, a hairy slobbering St. Bernard ambled up and Cranston made the mistake of whistling to him. The smelly beast came up to him and started nosing right his crotch. He pushed him away, trying to laugh it off, but the huge drooling brute came right back at him. He got up and walked away, but the guys had seen it and started kidding him. "You're a real lover Cranston." But Jensen just smiled like he knew everything. Cranston finished the game a little redfaced, trying to remember if Jensen was the one who had taken Teddy to the Hard Times Dance and supposedly got a little off her. He did like hell!

When the gong went for dinner Cranston pushed himself out of one of the lush leather chairs in the Memorial Room and hustled with the others down the stone-floored passageway to the dining room. He guessed right away what they were having—hamburgee patties and lake gravy on white bread. Good! But it didn't matter because they were almost sure of getting steak at the Tennis Club before the dance.

It was his practice to sit either by the athletes, whom he emulated or the under-classmen, whom he felt obliged to guide. This night he slid in beside a group of the more enlightened freshmen whispering as he did to one on his left. "There's a little wax in your ear Barry." Barry immediately put his hand to his ear complimented that one as mighty as Cranston should be taking a personal interest in him, yet anxious lest he should offend.

"Tell you a way you can take care of that." Cranston went on patronizingly. "Put a little cotton on a match stick. Don't use a hairpin liable to damage something." For these little intimacies Cranston was revered among the lower ranks and of course he seized this. After dinner they sat around and basked in the warmth of his compliments, his humor, and his advice.

"How you doing in Psych Barry?" Cranston had heard that if Barry didn't shape up the House was going to lose a potential campus officer on account of grades.

"Not so good Cranston."

"Have you tried talking to the professor?"

"Yeah, a couple of times, but—"

"Couple of times but—" Cranston remarked warmly. "If I've told you once, I've told you a 100 times, you've got to show these profs that you're interested in their subject. You are aren't you?"

"In Psych? Oh sure—"

"Well get in there and let him know it. Keep on him till you think he's about sick of you then keep right on coming back. He can't help think you're interested in Psych eventually."

One of the group had begun tittering during this last speech then another joined him and Cranston couldn't figure why because he was giving them such sound advice. He turned around sudden ly as they all broke into loud giggling and discovered Billy Green his oldest friend a guy he'd gone all the way through school with, sitting on the bench next to the wall and making fun of him to beat the band. Billy had his legs crossed like a gal swinging them furiously and all the while poking his finger in and out of his nose. Each time he pulled it away he would flick it out in every direction like he was peppering the whole room with giant boogers.

"I want all you guys to take everything Cranston says and write it down in your notebooks." Billy said sarcastically. "Because he's so sincere. And besides that he really means it."

"Don't listen to him." Cranston said trying to pick up the humorous tone, but plainly worried that his friend might have a debilitating influence on these younger men.

Billy rolled on. "No kidding Barry what you have to do is get right in there and sniff the professor's ass and say he's a rose. Don't let anything stop you—"

"OK you guys you better start clearing off this table and getting ready for that dance. Hundred percent show, right? Any of you guys not have a date yet?" Cranston managed to shoo them away successfully before they were entirely corrupted then turned on Billy, not with the idea of correcting him—he knew he hadn't a chance against his friend's tongue—but on a different tack.

"How 'bout you Billy you've got a date don't you? I didn't hear anything." This wasn't true. He had heard that as usual Billy was going to be the only one to keep their class from having its "100% show."

"Nope. I can't make it."

"For Christ's sake Billy the *Formal!*"

"I'm such a lug and I couldn't fit into any tux."

"Come on."

"I asked 2# girls, and they all said they didn't like my hairclip. Except one and she said she was afraid I'd hump it."

"OK come on."

"I told you once my brother's coming to town tonight and we're all going out to dinner."

"Who your *family?*" Cranston said incredulously and not without a hint of a sneer. "Isn't the Formal more important than that?" His last pronoun he left almost purposely ambiguous.

"The Formal's the most important thing in the world." Billy replied with eyes crossed and tongue slightly protruding. "More important than God."

Cranston ignored him remembering one more trump. "That's your half brother from down in California isn't it? I thought you said you didn't even like him."

"No. I think it's he that doesn't like me. That's the whole purpose of the dinner—to show him I'm really sort of a sweetie when you come right down to it."

Cranston gave the whole conversation up in disgust and left Billy in order to try out some new pimple cream that was supposed to be so hot. Blazer always had some new pimple cream.

They had gone through the ritual of stopping at a restaurant after the dance but no one seemed hungry. They each ordered a quick cup of coffee and swallowed it down very rapidly. Then off they drove with scalding throats and before anyone realized it Cranston had parked the car in a dark place.

"This is Joe's favorite parking place," he whispered hopefully to Teddy.

"Oh is it?" She tried to sound excited, as though she had just been rewarded with a secret. As a matter of fact she'd been there before.

One thing Cranston had to watch himself about was habit. With Milly the right arm went automatically around her shoulders the left hand went almost automatically to her left breast which for some strange reason she never felt required to explain was the bigger. This was their routine always excepting those nights when they were squabbling. With Teddy now he calculated that she had let him kiss her on the second date so that should grant him the privilege of the right arm along her shoulders. This she allowed. Now to somehow slide the seat back without cramping Joe or much worse eliciting some wise remark from Joe. The seat leaped back. Joe stirred but went on with what he was

doing

"Heh heh" was all Cranston could think of at first "Damn modern cars."

Surprisingly enough Teddy only smiled and snuggled a little closer to him

By God this was his night. (Though granted everything hadn't gone perfectly At the dance instead of an such thick steak and a baked potato they'd placed before him a large pink slice of ham, swimming in a raisin flavored juice and flanked by a crusty peeled potato and a heap of pale peas He'd nearly cried out loud but he'd consoled him self from time to time by leaning confidentially towards Teddy and looking down hee dress while he praised the ham and spuds) And Joe had made him slightly envious by telling him in the strictest confidence just before they picked up the girls that he was getting it off Cammie now Joe was great with all the nuances of her cycle and these he had passed on to Cranston because nothing was too sacred for friendship or brotherhood But Teddy had given him hope and every reason to believe that she was responsive (Might have something to do with hee cycle he figured Might have got her smack between periods, when they were supposed to be warmer according to Joe As foe him, he wasn't the least bit bothered he could take it or leave it.) What he would do was kiss her a couple of times, sorta hard then go into a long discussion of something That way she would be sort of waiting for him and with Joe making out the way he was in the back seat she couldn't forget what they were there for So he kissed hee had a couple of times on the mouth, and on the second one he was almost sure he came in contact with hee tongue. By God was she a horny?

But before he could think of a topic suitable for a long serious discussion, she jumped the gun on him

"Cranston there's something you ought to know about *someone* in your House"

"Oh yeah? Oh, really?" A dim light glowed upon an incident in his mind which he had almost totally blanked out.

"I don't know how to bring this up it's really so awful. And I know you know I would never think of casting any aspersions on any member of your House"

"Oh. I know that Teddy go ahead. If some guy has been I mean, if any guy membee or not—"

"Oh it's I don't know so " and here she seemed to need the warmth and security of his body for she thrust herself against his shoulder brushing her hair against his nose. He nearly sneezed in the back seat Joe and Cammie puffed like steam engines.

"Go ahead" he said with concealed impatience Though he guessed what she was alluding to her titillating preliminaries had loosed a set of prurient emotions which he usually reserved for dirty stories.

"Well I'm just going to come right out with it, then" she went on obviously aware of the suspense she commanded "Someone in your House is a peeper a peeplug Tom! Someone was peeping at me with binoculars today when I was tanning my—sun bathing"

The look that came over Cranston's face then would have frightened a girl with less pulchritude and therefore with less confidence than Teddy Black clouds loomed over his brow, lightening danced about his eyes he gnashed his lower lip he positively writhed in righteous anger A peeper in his House? Who? Who—that's what he'd like to know Why he'd kill him! For practical purposes he could believe it was someone else *someone* against whom he must act the scourge

"It's true Cranston *honestly*"

He bent his head and creased his hand tragically along his furrowed brow

"I know I know There's nothing some of those guys—and, oh I know there must be girls in your House that you're not so crazy about, who "

"Oh God, yes I didn't mean to—why there are some girls some of them real good friends who I wouldn't even be Candy Bean for example, her mother—"

"That's what I mean. There are some of those guys on the third floor Was it there? I mean wasn't it there—from the third floor?" He knew he was in trouble but didn't act the least bit worried Behind him Joe broke wind in a desultory fashion which belied his ardor Hearing this Teddy momentarily lost the thread of their talk

"From behind the chimney" she said excitedly needing desperately to giggle

Behind the chimney! Why that's right next to I've got a darn good idea who that could be Look why don't I just tell you It's just between you and me and those guys who I'm sure are doing it, peeping I mean are just guys who are there We almost had to take them every House does I've been hearing for weeks that well, why not say it—"And now he was aware of the tension he had created though behind them Cammie sighed ecstatically into the hot sweet air of the car "—that goddamn Blazer and Quail have got some kind of a setup on the roof where they peep at you girls. I don't care what you think of me now. Teddy for ratting on my brothers that way But I think I had to Anyway I'm out there I guess if you're out there in most positions—places, they can't even "

"Oh?"

For a moment that flat dry rejoinder puzzled him. Then he nearly peed his pants Had she figured him out? Oh but that was impossible, she couldn't have! So he decided he'd missed a cue She was ready now that was it. She had signalled that their long discussion was over and now why couldn't they get down to business? So Cranston started kissing hee hard just as if he was a soldier come back from the front and he and his girl didn't need any preliminaries for their love-making. Spontaneity was their byword Kisses apropos of nothing

Then he came up for air toying with the moment

"You know there's something really sick about a guy that would peep that way"

"I know" she murmured, leaning one heavy thigh back and forth along the other so that her hose sang a raspy note a brief but heady prelude to his tale

He went on kissing the matted hair around her ears.

"I mean you almost have to be queer or something And that's one thing Blazer and Quail aren't—queer I mean. But there's one guy that's always up there around their rooms And you don't know how I hate to bring this up because he's one of my oldest friends " Here he broke off for his voice had choked with emotion

She pulled away and looked at him intently Was it possible? Yet there they were—tears and Cranston seemed perfectly unashamed of them letting them fall plink, plink, plink right down on to his rented white shirt

He controlled his voice, however and forced himself on.

"You remember I mentioned Billy tonight, Billy Green? Well he was the *only* guy the only guy in our class that kept us from having a 100% show And you know how important that is. He was the only guy and this isn't the first time it's happened It's happened plenty of times and it just isn't right because he's such a good-looking guy" At this three more tears dropped rapidly

to his shirt and in the back seat Joe and Cammie panted like dogs "And in high school too it was always the same story—no dates and we used to always kid him about being queer or something and he just said he was, and laughed it off Now Cranston had attained a fixed velocity of speech and teases and Joe and Cammie were copulating, there could be no questions of that "And it just hit me what he said tonight. I missed it before and I let him go I let *him* go. And I'm supposed to be his friend I asked him why he didn't have a date and he said he had to meet his *half* brother for dinner and he was going to show him what a *sweetie* he was! That's exactly what he said, that's his exact word!"

Teddy's eyes were bright with lascivious interest

Oh no oh no I just can't believe it, and him such a good looking guy! Why that's practically *sodomy* or whatever they call it!"

"That's what I say And don't tell anybody about this"

The rest of the evening went according to plan—Cranston played vertebrae-vertebrae-vertebra! then latched on to one of her boobies. She hunched forward a little for him that was his reward for crying over his friend Billy and for looking so stern when she told him about the peepee

SWEETHEART *(continued from page 28)*

do this at MCA and they don't do it at William Morris I'll tell you if you want to know what an MCA agent was like he wasn't like me. Now I'm not knocking MCA. They were big and there's nobody who wouldn't want to be as big or bigger They did the business a lot of good, and they were run by geniuses. Lew Wasserman the president he's the biggest genius of them all He's the world's smartest tax lawyer and he's not even a lawyer

"But what I mean to say is that MCA tried to make agents like me extinct See this black suit I'm wearing? I don't like black suits but it's the uniform Today every agent wears the uniform. Wasserman started that. He gave the business a uniform Why? It's so clever the thinking behind it Before everybody loved show business, but it was disgraceful to go into it. Show business had everything but one important ingredient—respect! So Wasserman comes along and gives it a black suit and a white shirt and it's got respect the same kind of respect as a banker The agent used to be a guy in a striped suit with a loud tie and heavy lips, but all of a sudden the agent has a new image All of a sudden the agent is an Ivy Leaguer from Harvard All of a sudden the agent isn't a showman he's an actuary

He said it was time to go and he took the elevator downstairs to Sunset Blvd. saying So long sweetheart" to everyone along the way On the street outside a blonde movie star driving a Bugatti with the top down screeched to a stop backing up the traffic behind her She yelled Hi darling," and he walked over to her kissed her said a few words and then came back to the sidewalk She drove away with a proper zoom releasing the cramp These blocks away a motorcycle cop in a crash helmet flagged her down and gave her a ticket

On the sidewalk he stood watching and then said She has to stop for a red light she gets mad at the world for three days. Actors? What can they do? They're animals! What does it take for a grown man to be an actor?

He walked toward the parking lot where he kept his Karman Ghia He hesitated Listen" he said an agent is people just like you or anybody else only he's a little larger than life He makes mistakes or he does things right he hurts people or he hurts himself Does anybody know where he's going? Me I've been through the whole bit. Married divorced a bedroom loaded with chicks a psychiatrist's couch I've been through the whole bit Live baby"

He got into the car Then he got out of the car "You guys do a lot of waiting?" he asked abruptly "Ever sell anything?" He got into the car Then he got out of the car "Ever do any screen writing? How old are you? Oh you're beautiful. You got 40 years. May be 50 Where do you live? Here write it down Write it clear The phone number too. Haven't you got any ambition? Sweetheart you gotta think scripts Just an idea then you think who'd be good in it Marlon Brando? Frankie Avalon? And is it a two million dollar production? Look at Stanley Shapiro a guy just like you *Fillow Talk Lover Come Back That Touch of Mink* He was a writer now he's a corporation Oh he's beautiful I wish I had him I got a dog you know what I mean? He never sells anything I got all the actors I want Who needs more actors But give me eight 10 writers and I'm a gentleman of leisure

He shook hands and got back into the car "Keep in touch now you know what I mean? If you think of anything anything at all come in anytime and we'll talk about it. We could do beautiful things together sweetheart

He drove off leaving a cloud of smoke The Ghia was burning oil badly

"He doesn't take after his father at all"

SEATTLE *(continued from page 57)*

built the place to take the furs or gold and give in return the ammunition supplies and junk for the natives. Ships stock here bringing whisky and whores, bibles and stainless steel tomahawks, beads and blankets, wives and storekeepers, men on the lam from elsewhere. The ships ride low outbound, taking the gold and furs where they won't stink so much of wild men's blood. Another city.

The mountain man, the backwoods farmer, the logger and the prospector, a tough crew all right and no city dwellers. Add to this cowboys and sailors fresh from around the Horn. All in all a howling lot to frighten decent folk, men who had survived because the wind, rocks, sun, Indians and their fellow madmen couldn't kill them, and so they were the ones to come to town with the goods. They had lived hard dangerous bitter lives and they wanted a little excitement. They wanted girls and white whisky, billiards and steam beer, faro and fights and they got all that and more: they got robbed, weasleed, cheated, cajoled, cribbed, shanghaied, maul their poke was gone and they had to go out there and get more. The city and the soft white hands took it all.

So the city got rich and grew, and most of the tough customers died off.

But the wild men left their spoor on the city and its inhabitants: some of the madness stayed in the form of bloody competition, labor strife, outlawry, blood thirsty kid gangs, a lot of this perhaps because there were no more mountains to steal from, no more Indians to kill, no more millions of unknown acres to disappear into. The soldiers moved out of the city but the police were there and they have their hands full protecting the goods.

From its beginning until now the city has first been a place of commerce and only second a place for humans to live. The organic principle of its growth has never been human comfort or convenience but the buying and selling of goods and services. The city grows by necessity of this principle and if it lasts long enough it has a kind of beauty based on amazement, the beauty of *dada*, the beauty of clotter, the messy grandeur of Chicago, the sublime impossibility of New York, the Paris-on-a-sandhill quality of San Francisco. The city grew that way because it had to, and that's what makes it beautiful. It is not natural or logical, but human.

So the real sight to have seen in Seattle this past summer was Seattle itself. The Fair was a fair, a place where merchandise was on display and entertainment given so that people would come out and look at the merchandise. There's nothing culpable about this, only a sucker would come to a fair expecting to see anything else, no matter how much the adventurements come on. Century 21 was a show, a mimic of a real city (Seattle 2001 was the theme), and the fascinating thing to me about it was how well it seemed to represent our false dreams of the future.

Perhaps the founding fathers of Century 21 would find me wrong, but I think the fair grounds were supposed to represent (half heartedly) a downtown district of the future. The architecture was futuristic, the layout was spacious (one is reminded of the wide streets of Paris, made that way not for human convenience or beauty but so that rioting crowds could be tamed more easily with grapeshot), there was a monorail (undeniably the streetcar of tomorrow) and even an amusement park with out-of-this-world rides (significantly most of them just go around and around), there was a sports arena, an opera house, a playhouse, an art gallery which would require a motor scooter to get around in, a library that does your research for you if your topic is general enough and gives you nothing if it isn't, hundreds of shops, restaurants, etc. There were also the various displays such as the World of Science, World of Commerce & Industry, World of Century 21. These weren't part of the new downtown but were and cations of the way we were going (onward upward) and how we were going to get there (science).

There we were, thousands of 20th century citizens, released for a while from the need to work, wandering around the city of the future, our hands in our pockets or our wives on our arms. Here we looked at Swedish glass and thumbed through a little pamphlet about Swedish government (Swedish socialism is just like American democracy, one would think, except for the legalized abortions); a little further on we are enticed to eat a Danish hot dog or a Mexican enchilada ("*Vende Usted Tums?*"), we walk slowly past a million silver dollars wishing with sudden anger that they were ours and the bell with art, then watch the dancing waters dance, hear the carillon bells, look up at the Space Needle, feel a vague hunger and get a hamburger from a machine (wishing the damn thing would rasp out, "Thank you, sir or madam.")

For a while it was a lot of fun. We went to the U.S. Science exhibit and were herded into a gymlike room where we sat on the carpeted floor and watched a gigantic six-segmented movie about

"Beverly, we think you've got what it takes to beat Kennedy in '64."

how scientists were just like everybody else except smarter better more profound and then down through a corridor of optical illusions that made the girls giggle and the men laugh and then through room after room of incomprehensible scientific experiments and data. These are so much like midway pitches that we automatically form into a crowd of marks, wondering what they are selling. At one of these was a very attractive young girl in a white smock perhaps a graduate student from the University of Washington, explaining in a small group how we tracked space missiles. When I got there the poor girl was blushingly trying to convince the audience that they knew what the Doppler Effect was and how it worked in tracking. She was blushing because eight in front of her was a large handsome young man who was grinning at her in unmistakable fashion. He clearly wanted to meet her later, he had clearly come out to the Fair to meet pretty girls and here he was and there she was, and *how about it?*

Nobody in the crowd was paying any attention to poor old Mr. Doppler, we were all interested in the outcome of the charmingly human byplay. Would he make out? Would she drop her reserve and her microphone and go off with him? She certainly seemed to want to, but one of the rules left us by the 19th century was the idiot notion that women aren't supposed to show a strong aggressive yearning for sex. Maybe in Century 21 the moral code will be more accurate and the kids could go off together, but for now the odds seemed against it, so I moved off before I got disappointed.

The World of Science was six acres in size surrounded by architecture and pools of water. It seemed after the first half-hour to be completely phony in the sense that it had been planned for human convenience. It was as restful as the soft landscape paintings you see in insane asylums. All the white concrete was virginal, no one had come in the night to scrape out "Louise Bissie 1997" and there was no garbage in the lovely pools of water. I found out why. I saw a kid throw a popsicle wrapper into the water and in less than five minutes a man with a little net on the end of a stick had fished it out. He didn't even look angry. Probably another graduate student. Perhaps in Century 21 one of Ray Bradbury's little automatic mice will come out and clean up after the messy humans.

Everyone has seen pictures of the Pavilion of Science: the cool pools of water, the almost gothic yet rounded spires, the expanses of white concrete. I find no fault with it, it was undeniably beautiful and yet it disturbed me. It was like a church, it told me not to tarry by the cool water but look be humble and leave. When I realized that the Pavilion was a church I understood at last what they were selling with that restfulness, and I got out of there, heading for the carny music.

After all that soft sell the midway was a relief. You knew what's expected of you on a midway, suckee. You toss the ring and you win the purple poodle, you throw the dart and bust the balloon and you win, etc. But honesty for midways anyway, sterile mockups of a hustling past. There was a time when the game was three-card monte, or shells and a tiny dried pea, when a man could get a little pokee action or buck the tiger, there was a time when every game was rigged and if you won the cattle prize you left the money with a hustler. In Seattle last summer if you wanted a little action you had to go downtown to get it, nothing was doing on the Fair grounds. In the old days, if Faemer Brown got hustled he was as likely as not to come back the next day with his 410 and the man who shekered a cowboy had to be as quick with a derringer as with a jack of spades. The suckers are still being born every minute and will probably continue into the next century, but there's not much chance they'll shoot the hustler. Maybe that's why the hustles are so tame.

There was a new game on the midway, sad funny and awful, that seemed to say it all about Century 20 and 21. I will always remember it as the central symbol of the Fair, because it seemed to say so much about us.

This was a game sweet for the dreamer for the secret hero. A Quick Draw Test. The circle of hard-eyed watchers, the lean young man with the huge 45 strapped to his hips, his arms out, pelvis forward, facing the cardboard bandit. Prowess was at stake for the young man and his eyes were hard and slitted, too his identity pushed out on the line and when the pitchman said go he drew and fired, his arm blurring in the quick silent action so many hours practiced before the mirror, split-second zip bang, fast and good, his eyebrows now lifting. Mitchumlike as he hears the amazed voice of the pitchman telling him his time, as strapping the big handing it back, moving off through the watchers, alone, aloof a killer at the Fair.

Nobody else wanted to try it, so the pitchman began concentrating on two pretty college girls. The pitchman was thick and powerful, had long black curly hair under his stetson, wore levis and was tanned, but the twang in his voice was New Jersey not Arizona. Come on, he hustles, it's easy. The girls giggle. How do you do it, says the prettiest. It's easy, just steap on the gun, draw when I say go. Gee, how much? Glint, grin. For you, honey, free.

The crowd watches, hoping to see the girl surprise everybody and make a slick draw. We're all experts from the television. The pitchman straps the belt onto the girl's hips, his fingertips touching her body (a broad wink at the crowd), and the girl steps in front of the cardboard villain and takes the pelvis stance. She waits for the word and the pitchman milks it, we all hold our breath. *Go! Blam!* She almost seems to blow off her foot. Everybody laughs, secretly relieved. Hell, there weren't any real bullets in that gun, anyway. We all drift off into the candied popcorn and twist music of the midway.

Some time ago in the city of San Francisco there was a famous place called the Barbary Coast. Deadfalls with plank board bars, sawdust and rattlesnake whisky, cribs and gilded whorehouses, show places and B-girls who would brain their customers for $5 in gold, mickey finns and shanghai crews. The Barbary Coast grew out of the very human needs of the time, on the one hand the gold miners and sailors who needed quick hard pleasure, on the other hand the thieves, pimps, whores and tinhorns who needed quick hard cash. When you went slumming on the Coast you put your life on the line in exchange for these existential pleasures, nobody was kidding anybody about that. Time passed and for most San Franciscans the need to live or die quickly passed with it, and the Barbary Coast faded into a street or two of flip joints and upstairs whorehouses. The businessmen had learned a lesson, dead customers don't come back. But by the middle of the century even this mock Barbary Coast was gone, and the sheep now have to gather in Las Vegas where there are hundreds of cops to guarantee that they won't get ripped while getting shorn.

They had one of these pasteurized pleasure-domes at the Fair, too, called Show Street, where you could get drunk and leer at the pretty showgirls. Breasts (on the old Coast it wasn't the chorus girls who went bare, it was the *waitresses*, called "Pretty Waitee Girls") grin over at the wife and pretend you knew a lot more about lowlife than you let on. But there was no danger, you weren't going

to get clubbed or dragged or wake up on a clipper bound for Panama. You weren't going to get your hands on one of them showgirls, either.

There was one nice echo on Show Street, barkers in front of some of the joints, hustling the customers in by calling out, "*Just* in time for the 9 o'clock show, folks, seating now for the 8 . . ." I clocked one who said this over and over again for 25 minutes—always grabbing the hesitant mark by the coat and running him up the stairs and into the place as if he was getting the last seat in the house. Whaoo—just like the old days.

All right, the personal violence is gone, so much the better. In Century 21 maybe all the violence will be out of our lives, since that seems to be the direction we're taking, and perhaps that's the civilized direction. In 50 years we might be able to satisfy our need for the quicker emotions in bed with our wives or through reading classics of a bloodthirsty past like *Macbeth* instead of through automobile wrecks, brushfire wars, Paladin and The Untouchables. Maybe. But I don't think so.

Don't misunderstand. I'm no advocate of personal violence. You couldn't have dragged me into one of those old Barbary Coast dives. I'm just saying that humans seem to need violence—and if they aren't getting it at the old stands, maybe it's because they have it somewhere else.

The old 19th century idea of manhood in the American West was crazy, and we venerate the myth of it on television and the movies, but there was one nice thing about it: the individual man was supposed to decide his own fate. Today the *machin* seems to have passed into the hands of the government, and Jack Kennedy is our quick-draw artist, ready at the drop of a shoulder to blow half the world into contaminated ashes. In the old days the individual man walked into the deadfall and took his chances—the fool—and now we let Jack do it. None of the violence of the past has really gone, it has just been made international instead of personal.

And maybe that's what's wrong with the view of 2001 A.D.—as seen in Seattle last summer. A world without tension without violence, inhabited by a non-violent race (our kids?), a dream of a peaceful earth where commerce serves man instead of vice versa, and governments merely administer, building cities as monuments to the human spirit. I'm sorry. I'm a 20th century man and I just can't believe it.

I can't walk the concrete halls of Seattle 1962 seeing the pawnshops, pool halls, department stores, junk merchandise, jovial cruel-eyed salesmen, slapshack housing projects full of bitter Negroes, police helicopters, beer joints and fake banjo heavens, and still believe in Century 21. It's a lie, not a dirty lie, but a lie anyway—a carrot before an all-too-willing donkey. It is like the million silver dollars, egging us into shutting up and getting back to work and letting the government handle things. In downtown Seattle I can still smell the blood of the pioneers and see the fading image of their dirty grinning faces, and I can't believe that they and their white-handed brother sharks fathered anything like a World of Tomorrow.

Seattle itself, and perhaps any city is the picture of tomorrow: urban renewal or no, a thing of human beauty pulled out of the still hot intestines of the past, a grotesque a harmony, a discord, a place where money is king. This is the future. I sadly expect Space Needle or no Space Needle.

I know, by the way, a good story about the Space Needle. One fine sunny day two young men entered the fair grounds wearing flight suits and parachutes. They walked rapidly, confidently up to the base of the Needle and waited with the rest of the crowd. Finally it was their turn to go up. The girl operator saw the parachutes and the young men's calm, confident faces. She got on her intercom and talked rapidly to somebody up above. Then she smiled at the young men and ordered them to remove their chutes or remain on the ground. Typical of America. No, boys, you can't risk your lives here.

Let Jack do it. ■

BANG BANG *(continued from page 31)*

An examination of the toy arms establishment produces many other striking parallels with the adult world.

In 1499 Gian Jacobo Trivulzio told King Louis XII of France that "to carry on war, three things are necessary: money, money, and yet more money." The American toy industry has found substantially the same thing to be true in running the toy arms race. In keeping up with the times—and ahead of each other—toymakers spend millions of dollars every year in research and development programs. Mattel Inc.—for example, had a budget of $750 000 for R&D last year; the company expects to spend over $1 000 000 in 1962. The backbone of every toy manufacturer is its R&D, and at Mattel 80 people—artists, sculptors, scientists, engineers and just plain thinkers—are employed dreaming up next season's toys. Several seasons back, when Mattel wanted to launch its "H2O Missile"—a three-foot, two-stage job which zooms as much as 200 feet towards the moon—the toymaker hired away from the Raytheon Company a man named Jack Ryan, former project engineer on the Navy's Sparrow missile. Ryan headed up a special task force of 20 engineers to get Mattel's rocket project off the ground.

The military has also lost at least one man to the toy arms establishment. Maj. Gen. John B. Medaris, director of the U.S. Army's missile program. The general accepted a five-year contract (at $50 000 a year) to serve as president of the Lionel Corporation. In its first full year with a military man at the helm—1961—Lionel sustained losses of $2 500 000. It may be as Clemenceau first observed, that "war is much too serious a business to be entrusted to generals."

Like adult defense companies, toy makers also have security problems. Mattel, for example, has a waste basket installed in its R&D department with the plainly marked warning sign:

CONFIDENTIAL MATERIAL
FOR SHREDDING ONLY
DO NOT WAD & TEAR

The security problem, if anything, is more complex in the toy business than in defense industries. While adult arms-makers have only one enemy—the Communists—toymakers distrust *everybody*, particularly their fellow toymakers. What they fear most is that a "hot" item will be "knocked off" (toybiz jargon for copying a new idea and selling it for less than the original manufacturer).

One of the ultra-security conscious firms at the Toy Fair last spring was the Wham-O Manufacturing Company of San Gabriel, Calif. After almost a year of laborious research and development, the company dispatched a team of its most trustworthy employees to a suite in the Hotel New Yorker to exhibit its secret product. The husky security guards scrupulously checked identification badges of all visitors to the suite—while examining them for concealed cameras and tape recorders. A small percentage of those who actually wanted to see the product received clearances to enter a padlocked room at the rear of the suite.

Although I had been granted normal clearance by the management of the Toy Fair and offered to swear on a Robot Commando that I wouldn't tell anybody what was behind the locked door, I was barred from the exhibit. Judging by the firm's name, I imagined Wham-O at last had perfected a working toy model

of the Neutron Bomb. The secret, however was an item called "Instum Fish" dehydrated live shrimp and tropical fish eggs which a kid could pitch into a bowl of water and watch grow to full maturity in several hours

The *forte* of the toy arm establishment is its obsession with making accurate war toys. Our toy arms makers do such a good job of copying they occasionally run into troubles with the adult arms establishment Last year Vice Admiral Hyman G Rickover father of the atomic submarine charged that a $2 98 model of a Polaris-firing sub had given millions of dollars worth of information to the Russians. He was quite bitter about it.

Louis Glaser president of Revell Inc makers of the offending plastic toy publicly and good naturedly denied that he or anybody else in his firm was a traitor All the details came from technical publications anybody could read in their public libraries.

Despite its high marks for realism, and an obvious relish for the traffic in arms, the American toy industry as a whole seems embarrassed by its war toys. The Toy Manufacturers of the U.S.A. (TMUSA) the industry's trade association and public relations arm is dedicated to the proposition that its members make only *peace* toys. In TMUSA's official literature the only toys worth talking about are items like a photo telescope which allows a kid to not only see the heavens, but photograph them home workshops with battery-operated, harmless tools, weather stations computers strength of materials labs, desk top planetariums, and models of the press Gutenberg used to print the Bible

What the TMUSA is doing here is actually publicly biting the strong arm that feeds the industry Science toys last year accounted for only 9% of the more than 2 billion dollars American adults spent on toys. Consistently best-sellers are always the toys of war and violence, like Robot Commando The worst that can be said about the industry's striving for a false anti war image however is that it is no more guilty than adult policy-makers in Washington While our government talks disarmament at Geneva we test nuclear devices at Christmas Island.

The toy industry's war and peace dichotomy is partly explained by the existence of a noisy pacifist movement in the world of Bang Bang You're Dead! Some modern mothers are convinced war toys are the cause of aggression in youngsters, and should be banned. Last Christmas a group of these women picketed A&S Food stores in the Midwest because it ear management chose to carry on its shelves an Entire Thor Missile Launching Installation." By and large however pacifists in the toy arms race are as ineffectual as pacifists in the adult world

They make the toy arms establishment feel guilty about its ability to make instruments of fun and death but not enough to cut back on the production of war toys.

Since toys only follow life it isn't reasonable to expect the nation's toy makers to abandon the arms race any sooner than the adult arms establishment. Toy arms-makers after all profit from war toys just as adult munition makers profit from war The atmosphere at a Toy Fair is reminiscent of the nights at Monte Carlo when Basil Zaharoff moved from roulette table to table trying to drum up interest in a little war between small Balkan nations so that he could supply the arms to both sides

When war is abolished, the toy arms industry will wither away without prod ding by hysterical mothers. Both adult and juvenile war establishments seem to recognize their fates are interwined. The Defense Department for example has an Air Force officer whose job is to interest toy makers in copying American missiles for the kiddie market.

And if the next World War is fought with stones, as Albert Einstein predicted before his death, the American toy industry once again will be ready 131

WORKING LUSH *(cont from page 40)*
mismomers Examples follow

FOR THE DRINK OR FIX For anybody but the real Veteran, it is okay to use the word *drink* in offering or accepting a Fix. But it is a borderline word, best shunned by those who have given themselves over entirely to alcohol Working Lush (hereinafter known as W L) greeting a guest, says "Come on in Roland How about a highball or a cocktail? These are terrible gauche words, not heard in any decent saloon since World War II (when saloons teemed with amateur drunks) They will establish you at once as a sobersides

"A glass of whisky" can be a marvelously misleading phrase if whisky comes out like a sneeze Yet the phrase is better used in discussing whisky's mythical restorative powers As, on a weekend at the Board Chairman s country retreat W L returns from a long hike in the cold. (He has been looking for a Road house) Stamping his feet on the kitchen floor, he rubs his hands briskly together and says "Man! I could use a glass of whisky" Thus he gets his morning Fix while all hands consider him a ruddy outdoorsman

There are other words that can be adapted to this purpose. *Aperitif* for example or *digestive* Consider *liqueur* "I think I might have a small liqueur" replaces the harsh, "Dry stinger rocks" and properly manipulated will get you the same thing

Also drop the contradely specifics used to describe containers of booze *Pint fifth quart split half-gallon* and *jug* are all dropped from the vocabulary to be replaced by the wonderfully naive "a bottle of whisky" When told you are holding a fifth of gin not a bottle of whisky shrug and smile saying "It s all too much for me anyway" The response will send a real thrill through the cockies of your cunning.

FOR THE SALOON OR BAR A saloon is any place that sells liquor for consumption on the premises Others may be deceived by elaborate decor and magnificent cuisines, but not the Working Lush To him a saloon is a saloon

While this gives him a certain clarity of vision in judging elegant joints like the 21 or the Chambord it reflects a definite prejudice He never refers to these landmarks as "swell saloons" He cuts the word *saloon* from his vocabulary altogether This creates the problem of finding smokescreen words to replace it

(W L, in a wistful slip said once of the cafeteria at the Central Park Zoo "A swell saloon Trees and seals and everything ") Fortunately he was over heard only by his daughter a nine year old stranger who could make no use of what she had learned)

Far and away the best thing to call a saloon is a *Store* Everybody in the whisky business calls saloons Stores. Thus you imply a solely commercial relationship between yourself and the beloved premises. Any subsequent demonstration of saloon lore on your part will be explained away by others, because you apparently were in the liquor business at one time. National Distillers or something "

Store unfortunately is of limited use You can hardly say to the Chairman of the Board "Let s have lunch at this terrific store I know" So you call the saloon a German (or French or Italian) restaurant Or turn to the hotels in your neighborhood. Who can cavil at "How about lunch at the Sheraton?" You say it in a kind of offhand manner, secure in the knowledge that there are two fine saloons in the Sheraton

For evening drinking or Finishing Off there are two names of such gauche cache that at first you will have trouble uttering them These are *nightclub* and *cocktail lounge* (Practice getting them out without giggling) When you find yourself hung up on the road with the Sales Manager that practice will pay off To him *nightclub* means entertainment and music *cocktail lounge* means girls and sex With any luck, the Sales Manager will chase girls all night long (stroking not from both sides of the plate) while you Finish Off on the old expense account

THE GREAT BOCK DODGE When you need a Fix you need alcohol This doesn t have to be gin-on-the-rocks or bourbon neat As long as there s alcohol in it, a Fix is a Fix For variety's sake let s suppose our Working Lush is an outside man temporarily prevented from Nipping In through the presence of a Big Account This is what he does

W.L. I'm thirsty for some reason Mind if we stop for a Coke?

B A. Not at all I could use a Coke myself

W L "Hey how about that? The Bock (or May Wine) sign in in the window of that German restaurant (*sic*) Let s try it I don t know when I had real Bock last

The Bock Dodge is seasonal Bock and May Wine apply in the spring If a similar emergency arises in the dead of winter say you are freezing to death and could use a hot chocolate Then discover a Hot Toddy or Tom & Jerry sign and lead the Big Account to the saloon so decorated In summer s heat, announce that you are dying for an ice cold glass of beer" Plead the bourgeois myth that only beer can really quench that thirst"

The phrase *Irish Restaurant* is a contradiction in terms capable of provoking considerable mirth One day some scholar or team of scholars will discover a proper name for the Irish Saloon, so that the Working Lush can in decency walk through that door in the morning Be sure the name will be found for Irish saloonkeepers have a gimmick for the respectable ingestion of alcohol at all hours called Irish Coffee It is a beautiful Fix Generations to come will evolve some circumlocution to make Irish Coffee available before noon

FOR FELLOW W L s In referring to (i e squealing on) fellow Working Lushes Aspiring Young Drunks Impoverished Amateurs, and Outright Alcoholics do *not* identify them by their true class Dip into the wealth of archaisms supplied by the enduring love of booze among English-speaking peoples *Drunkard* is a handsome word its effectiveness augmented by overtones of assaiting Puritanism *Tosspot* has a gay ring to it, and should be used only in squealing on Lushes whom you rather like *Barfly* sounds sordid. It may give a surly co-worker exactly what he has coming to him *Tank* has a gargantuan feel and really won t do much harm so use *Souse* to describe a man you d just as soon have out of the way

Certain phrases spoken in awe but without a leer can devastate a competitor I don t know where he puts it all and Max had all of us under the table will inflict immense damage on a Career Best of all single out a competitor who quite clearly should have Called In Sick that morning and say "Charlie I don t know how you do it You look like a million dollars. You must have the stamina of a horse! And everybody looks at Charlie who is helpless, and Charlie is out of the way

AND INVERSELY The subconscious will have its revenge for what is suppressed The words you have cut from your vocabulary will leap to your lips in critical situations or when you have rendered yourself defenseless.

Let them leap Let them nourish and enrich your speech Suppose that you are sniping during the morning meeting and the word *lush* springs to mind Use it. A *lush* opportunity or meadow or girl you might say gaining a minor reputation as an orator

In these terms *mart* becomes poesy

for marketplace or forum. Better yet, *belt* can be used as "a *belt* in the kisser" which is not only archaic and gauche but is man-talk. *Fifth* thus becomes a movement in a "well-orchestrated sales symphony" or the Avenue delineating your westernmost foray.

Best of all is *shot*. When your subconscious thrusts this word to your lips (saying to you perhaps, "God how you need a *shot!*") raise the word and use it. It is an okay word like *Sun* and *Gym*, *Theater* or *Restaurant*. Kids and puppies and wives get all kinds of *shots* nowadays. As "What this program needs is a couple of shots — to get it off the ground." Or discussing a company film, the word *shot* leaps to your quavering lips as you say "I think the best way to open this thing is with a *shot* —" Don't stammer or flash. Conclude calmly, "— of our Hartford plant, showing all the chimneys." (But don't start clapping or laughing. To all but the Fellow Lushes in your audience what you have said is not clever only sale.) 181

THE FIGHT (*Continued from Page* 34)

radio was on. We sat down in the sun, near the ring, and speculated on Floyd's training habits which kept him away from his family for such long periods of time.

Presently here he came across the grass loping, rather head down, with a small tight smile on his lips. This smile seems always to be there when he is facing people and disappears only when he begins to be comfortable. Then he can laugh as I never heard him laugh at a press conference, and the face which he watches so carefully in public is then, as it were, permitted to be its boyish and rather surprisingly restful self. He greeted Gay, and took sharp covert notice of me, seeming to decide that if I were with Gay I was probably all right. We followed him into the gym in which a large sign faced us, saying: *So we being many are one body in Christ*. He went through his workout, methodically, rigorously, pausing every now and again to disagree with his trainer Dan Florio, about the time — he insisted that Dan's stop watch was unreliable — or to tell Buster that there weren't enough towels to ask that the windows be closed. "You threw a good right hand that time," Dan Florio said, and later, "Keep the right hand *up Up!*" "We got a floor scale that's no good," Floyd said cheerfully. "Sometimes I weigh 200, sometimes I weigh 68." And we watched him jump rope, which he must do according to some music in his head, very beautiful and gleaming and far away, like a boy saint helplessly dancing and seen through the steaming windows of a store front church.

We followed him into the house when the workout was over, and sat in the kitchen and drank tea. He drank chocolate. Gay knew that I was somewhat tense as to how to make contact with Patterson — my own feeling was that he had a tough enough row to hoe, and that everybody should just leave him alone, how would *I* like it if I were forced to answer inane questions every day concerning the progress of my work? — and told Patterson about some of the things I'd written. But Patterson hadn't heard of me, or read anything of mine. Gay's explanation, though, caused him to look directly at me, and he said, "I've seen you someplace before. I don't know where, but I know I've seen you." I hadn't seen him before, except once, with Liston, in the Commissioner's office, when there had been a spirited fight concerning the construction of Liston's boxing gloves, which were "just about as flat as the back of my hand," according to a sports writer, "just like wearing no gloves at all." I felt certain, considering the number of people and the tension in that room, that he could not have seen me *then* — but we do know some of the same people, and have walked very often on the same streets. Gay suggested that he had seen me on TV. I had hoped that the contact would have turned out to be more personal, like a mutual friend or some activity connected with the Wiltwyck School, but Floyd now remembered the subject of the TV debate he had seen — the race problem, of course — and his face lit up. "I *knew* I'd seen you somewhere!" he said, triumphantly, and looked at me for a moment with the same brotherly pride I felt — and feel — in him.

By now he was, with good grace but a certain tense resignation, preparing himself for the press conference. I gather that there are many people who

"Oh, man! You are too much!"

enjoy meeting the press — and most of them in fact were presently in Chicago — but Floyd Patterson is not one of them. I think he hates being put on exhibition. he doesn't believe it is real while he is terribly conscious of the responsibility imposed on him by the title which he held, he is also affected with enough imagination to be baffled by his position. And he is far from having acquired the stony and ruthless perception which will allow him to stand at once within and without his fearful notoriety. Anyway we trailed over to the building in which the press waited and Floyd's small, tight shy smile was back.

But he has learned, though it must have cost him a great deal, how to handle himself. He was asked about his weight, his food, his measurements, his morale. He had been in training for nearly six months (Is that necessary?" "I just like to do it that way.") had boxed at this point, about 162 rounds. This was compared to his condition at the time of the first fight with Ingemar Johansson. "Do you believe that you were over trained for that fight?" "Anything I say now would sound like an excuse." But later, "I was careless—not over-confident, but careless. He had allowed himself to be surprised by Ingemar's aggressiveness. "Did you and D'Amato fight over your decision to fight Liston?" The weary smile played at the corner of Floyd's mouth, and though he was looking directly at his interlocutors his eyes were veiled. "No." Long pause. "Cus knows that I do what I want to do—ultimately he accepted it." Was he surprised by Liston's hostility? No. Perhaps it had made him a bit more determined. Had he anything against Liston personally? "No. I'm the champion and I want to remain the champion." Had he and D'Amato ever disagreed before? "Not in relation to my opponents." Had he heard it said that, as a fighter, he lacked viciousness? "Whoever said that should see the fights I've won without being vicious." And why was he fighting Liston? "Well," said Patterson, "it was my decision to take the fight. You gentlemen disagreed, but you were the ones who placed him in the Number One position, so I felt that it was only right. Liston's criminal record is behind him, unbefore him." "Do you feel that you've been accepted as a champion?" Floyd smiled more tightly than ever, and turned toward the questioner. "No," he said. Then "Well, I have to be accepted as the champion — but maybe not a good one." "Why do you say" someone else asked "that the opportunity to become a great champion will never arise?" "Because" said Floyd patiently "you gentlemen will never let it arise." Someone asked him about his experiences when boxing in Europe—what kind of reception had he enjoyed? Much greater and much warmer than here, he finally admitted, but added with a weary and humorous caution "I don't want to say anything derogatory about the United States. I am satisfied." The press seemed rather to flinch from the purport of this grim and vivid little joke, and switched to the subject of Liston again. Who was most in awe of whom? Floyd had no idea, he said but "Liston's confidence is on the surface. Mine is within."

And so it seemed to be indeed, as later Gay and I walked with him through the flat Mid-Western landscape. It was not exactly that he was less tense — I think that he is probably always tense and it is that, and not his glass chin, or a lack of stamina which is his real liability as a fighter — but he was tense in a more private more bearable way. The fight was very much on his mind, of course, and we talked of the strange battle about the boxing gloves, and the Commissioner's unpenetrable and apparent bias toward Liston though the difference in the construction of the gloves and the possible meaning of this difference, was clear to everyone. The gloves had been made by two different firms which was not the usual procedure, and, though they were the same standard eight ounce weight Floyd's gloves were the laminar puffy shape, with most of the weight of the padding over the fist and Liston's were extraordinarily slender, with most of the weight of the padding over the wrist. But we didn't talk only of the fight, and I can't now remember all the things we *did* talk about. I mainly remember Floyd's voice going cheerfully on and on and the way his face kept changing, and the way he laughed. I remember the glimpse I got of him then a man more complex than he was yet equipped to know a hero for many children who were still trapped where he had been, who might not have survived without the ring, and who yet oddly did not really seem to belong there. I dismissed my dim speculations, that afternoon as sentimental inaccuracies rooted in my lack of knowledge of the boxing world, and corrupted with a guilty chauvinism. But now I wonder. He told us that his wife was coming in for the fight, against his will in order" he said indescribably "to *console* me if —" and he made at last a gesture with his hand, downward.

Liston's camp was very different, an abandoned race track in, or called, Aurora Downs with wire gates and a uniformed cop who lets you in or doesn't. I had simply given up the press conference bit since they didn't teach me much, and I couldn't ask those questions. Gay Talese couldn't help me with Liston, and this left me floundering on my own until Sandy Grady called up Liston's manager Jack Nilon and arranged for me to see Liston for a few minutes alone the next day. Liston's camp was far more outspoken concerning Liston's attitude toward the press than Patterson's. Liston didn't like most of the press and most of them didn't like him. But I didn't myself see any reason why he *should* like them or pretend to — they had certainly never been very nice to him, and I was sure that he saw in them merely some more ignorant, uncaring white people, who, no matter how fine we cut it had helped to cause him so much grief. And this impression was confirmed by reports from people who *did* get along with him—Wendell Phillips and Bob Teague, who are both Negroes but rather rare and salty types, and Sandy Grady who is not a Negro but is certainly rare and very probably salty. I got the impression from them that Liston was perfectly willing to take people as they were if they would do the same for him. Again I was not particularly appalled by his criminal background, believing rightly or wrongly that I probably knew more about the motives and even the necessity of this career than most of the white press could. The only relevance Liston's—presumably previous—associations should have been allowed to have, it seemed to me concerned the possible effect of these on the future of boxing. Well, while the air was thick with rumor and gospel on this subject I really cannot go into it without risking at the very least being sued for libel, and so one of the most fascinating aspects of the Chicago story will have to be left in the dark. But the Sweet Science is not, in any case, really so low on shady types as to be forced to depend on Liston. The question is to what extent Liston is prepared to cooperate with whatever powers of darkness there are in boxing, and the extent of his cooperation, we must suppose, must depend, at least partly, on the extent of his awareness. So that there is

nothing unique about the position in which he now finds himself and nothing unique about the speculation which now surrounds him.

I got to his camp at about two o'clock one afternoon. Time was running out the fight was not more than three days away, and the atmosphere in the camp was, at once, listless and electric. Nelson looked as though he had not slept and would not sleep for days, and everyone else rather gave the impression that they wished they could — except for three handsome Negro ladies, related, I supposed, to Mrs. Liston who sat, rather self-consciously on the porch of the largest building on the grounds. They may have felt as I did, that training camps are like a theater before the curtain goes up and if you don't have any function in it you're probably in the way.

Liston as we all know, is an enormous man but surprisingly trim. I had already seen him work out skipping rope to a record of "Night Train" and while he wasn't nearly for me as moving as Patterson skipping rope in silence it was still a wonderful sight to see. The press has really maligned Liston very cruelly, I think. He is far from stupid, is not in fact, stupid at all. And, while there is a great deal of violence in him, I sensed no cruelty at all. On the contrary, he reminded me of big black men I have known who acquired the reputation of being tough in order to conceal the fact that they weren't hard. Anyone who cared to could turn them into taffy.

Anyway I liked him liked him very much. He sat opposite me at the table, sideways, head down, waiting for the blow for Liston knows, as only the unarticulately suffering can, just how inarticulate he is. But let me clarify that. I say suffering because it seems to me that he has suffered a great deal. It is in his face in the silence of that face, and in the curiously distant light in the eyes — a light which rarely signals because there have been so few answering signals. And when I say inarticulate I really do not mean to suggest that he does not know how to talk. He is inarticulate in the way we all are when more has happened to us than we know how to express: and inarticulate in a particularly Negro way — he has a long tale to tell which no one wants to hear. I said, "I can't ask you any questions because everything's been asked. Perhaps I'm only here really to say that I wish you well." And this was true, even though I wanted Patterson to win. Anyway I'm glad I said it because he looked at me then really for the first time and he talked to me for a little while.

And what had hurt him most, some what to my surprise, was not the general press reaction to him, but the Negro reaction. "Colored people" he said with great sorrow, "say they don't want their children to look up to me. Well they aren't teaching their children to look up to Martin Luther King, either." There was a pause. "I wouldn't be no bad example if I was up there. I could tell a lot of those children what they need to know — because — I passed that way. I could make them *listen*." And he spoke a little of what he would like to do for young Negro boys and girls, trapped in those circumstances which so nearly defeated himself and Floyd and from which neither can yet be said to have recovered. "I tell you one thing though," he said, "if I was up there I wouldn't bite my tongue." I could certainly believe that. And we discussed the segregation issue and the role in it, of those prominent Negroes who find him so distasteful. "I would never," he said, "go against my brother — we got to learn to stop fighting among our own." He lapsed into silence again. "They said they didn't want me to have the title. They didn't say that about Johannson." "They" were the Negroes. "*They* ought to know why I got some of the hum raps I get." But he was not suggesting that they were *all* hum raps. His wife came over, a very pretty woman, seemed to gather in a glance how things were going and sat down. We talked for a little while of matters entirely unrelated to the fight and then it was time for his workout, and I left. I felt terribly ambivalent as many Negroes do these days since we are all trying to decide, in one way or another, which attitude in our terrible American dilemma is the most effective, the disciplined sweetness of Floyd or the outspoken intransigence of Liston. If I *was up there I wouldn't bite my tongue*. And Liston is a man aching for respect and responsibility. Sometimes we grow into our responsibilities and sometimes, of course, we fail them.

I left for the fight full of a weird and violent depression which I traced partly to fatigue — it had been a pretty grueling time — partly to the fact that I had bet more money than I should have — on Patterson — and partly to the fact that I had had a pretty definitive fight with someone with whom I had hoped to be friends. And I was depressed about Liston's bulk and force and his 25-pound weight advantage. I was afraid that Patterson might lose and I really didn't want to see that. And it wasn't that I didn't like Liston. I just felt closer to Floyd.

I was sitting between Norman Mailer and Ben Hecht. Hecht felt about the

same way that I did and we agreed that if Patterson didn't get "stopped" as Hecht put it, "by a baseball bat" in the very beginning – if he could carry Liston for five or six rounds – he might very well hold the title. We didn't pay an awful lot of attention to the preliminaries – or I didn't. Hecht did. I watched the ball park fill with people and listened to the vendors and the jokes and the speculations and watched the clock.

From my notes: Liston entered the ring to an almost complete silence. Someone called his name, he looked over, smiled and winked. Floyd entered and got a hand. But he looked terribly small next to Liston and my depression deepened.

My notes again: Archie Moore entered the ring, wearing an opera cape. Cassius Clay, in black tie and as insolent as ever. Mickey Allen sang "The Star Spangled Banner." When Liston was introduced some people booed – they cheered for Floyd. And I think I know how this made Liston feel. It promised really to be one of the worst fights in history.

Well, I was wrong. It was scarcely a fight at all, and I can't but wonder who on earth will come to see the rematch if there is one. Floyd seemed all right to me at first. He had planned for a long fight and seemed to be feeling out his man. But Liston got him with a few bad body blows, and a few bad blows to the head. And no one agrees with me on this but at one moment, when Floyd lunged for Liston's belly – looking it must be said like an amateur wildly flailing – it seemed to me that some unbearable tension in him broke: that he lost his head. And in fact I vaguely screamed: "Keep your head, baby!" but it was really too late. Liston got him with a left, and Floyd went down. I could not believe it. I couldn't hear the count and though Hecht said "It's over," and picked up his coat and left, I remained standing, staring at the ring, and only conceded that the fight was really over when two other boxers entered the ring. Then I wandered out of the ball park almost in tears. I met an old colored man at one of the exits who said to me cheerfully, "I've been robbed," and we talked about it for awhile. We started walking through the crowds and A. J. Liebling behind us tapped me on the shoulder and we went off to a bar to mourn the very possible death of boxing and to have a drink, with love for Floyd. N

MARAUDER *(continued from page 46)*
at this coffee shop in the Village I think that the Village is about the only place in the world that I, under the present circumstances, could get a gig. The Village and its spacio-temporal extensions is the only place I know where the combination of a green beard shades and jazz is a saleable commodity. You know the kind of cats who hang out down there. They form two distinct and separate groups. One group wears a beard and shades (I get a strange kick out of the fact that none of my fans has ever been able to duplicate the color of my beard) and the other group are as clean-cut as anything you can imagine. The bearded cats come and dig me because they feel a certain kind of identity with the artist me and think that we all form an exclusive in-group. The other cats come because they think that all us bearded cats are simply a riot and in putting us down they form an in-group of their own. The chicks of course are all the same no matter how they look. The amazing part is that all the chicks seem to find me attractive exactly what I didn't want.

One night about four weeks ago I was really swinging a bass man and a drummer fell by and we were in a groove. Everything was a gas. I was stoned out of my mind and for the first time in a long while I was digging the entire scene. At about midnight a chick walked in, alone. She was about 18 and obviously had all the parts. I say obviously because she was wearing a tremendously tight black straight skirt and a sweater which was likewise. She had a delicious-looking body, goddamnit. Her hair was in a long blonde page-boy and by now you should realize that blonde page-boys knock me out. She radiated compassion, sensuality and sensitivity.

Well, like I said before, I've been fooled many times so what I did which was my first mistake was to completely ignore her. This was very difficult to achieve. She placed herself between me and the bar facing me head-on and leaning against the rail with her feet as far apart as her skirt would permit. All the while she smiled this I understand, type smile at me. She wouldn't stop.

I finished the set and made a beeline for a table in the farthest corner of the room. Inside of under a second guess who sat herself down opposite me.

"You play beautifully," she said.

Later baby, was my reply in the most belligerent and menacing tone ever.

"I thought you might appreciate a kind word from one who digs your music."

"Baby, if you were Lord Byron would you appreciate Jack Kerouac's telling you that you wrote groovy poetry? Like I said, later baby."

"I understand your point," she said refusing to take no for an answer and smiling gently at me, "please as such is my little value. But rest assured I'm a musician myself and I'm in a position to understand and appreciate what you are doing. In jazz, one especially feels the need to be understood, to communicate. Without communication one feels empty, frustrated."

I was weakening. I put all the hate I could into my next words to her.

"What the hell do you know about understanding frustration blowing jazz? In fact what the hell do you know about anything? You're a chick aren't you? And it's common knowledge that chicks don't know a goddamn thing."

"When even this didn't succeed in chasing her away I knew that nothing would.

"Generally speaking," she said, "you are absolutely right. Chicks are a terrible drag. In fact for this reason, none of my friends are chicks. But someone as intelligent as you should not be so quick to make universal generalizations. You see I'm a jazz musician myself and I do understand. I also understand that if you are adamant in your judgment of all chicks there is nothing I can do to change this picture of yours. If you really want me to split I will, but I do wish you'd give me a chance."

I had never dug such groovy looks, hipness and smarts combined on one record jacket. This chick was absolutely too good to be true. I should have seen that. It was all over. I apologized to her for my initial treatment of her. I didn't exactly forget that she was a chick, that was impossible. But I was forgetting what it means for someone to be a chick.

Her name was unfortunately Tania. When I was 16 I built all my dreams around a dream Tania and the association hadn't quite dispersed with the years. She was a senior at Music and Arts and was 17 plus a couple of months. I found out all of this jazz between sets which was also when I found out that she besides blowing jazz piano, singing, painting, and writing poetry believed in free love. The latter was enough to make the following set one of the swingingest of my entire career.

When the gig was over she and I made it back to my pad. I put some Miles and some Horace Silver on the phonograph. We danced while I undressed her. She was beauty, love and sensuality. No one, I mean it, however strong, could have resisted her. I'm certain of that. Only one thing blemished this evening. At first she wouldn't let me love her, she wanted me to realize that she wasn't the sort of chick who does this sort of thing on the first date. But even this went right by me. I was too turned on by her otherwise to pay any attention to it.

We awoke in each other's arms, made love and then we left for her home on the upper West Side.

It was about 12 in the afternoon when we reentered the world via the steps leading out of the IND subway. Hand in hand, one feet barely touching the concrete sidewalk, we glided toward her immense apartment building. As we got closer we saw that there was a crowd of people, containing several fuzz, which was jabbering at the entrance.

"There she is, my baby, my baby," yelled a well-dressed woman about 40. She saw me.

"Oh my God, don't let him get away."

Two of the blue team separated me from Tania, and I held out my hands so they could put handcuffs on me. Tania ran into her mother's arms while the crowd gaped at me.

"Oh Ma," she sobbed, "I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I didn't know what I was doing."

Both her parents fought for the right to console her. And while one consoled her the other called me names like "beat nik vermin," "scum," "bum," "menace to society," etc., etc.

It all turns out for the best is what I always say. About a month after I was busted guess who turned out to be pregnant? It also turns out that I am in the driver's seat for the first time in my life. My lawyer outlined the two alternatives for me a couple of days ago.

If the case goes to trial, which it most likely won't, because Tania's family wouldn't want any part of the scandal, what I do is shave off my beard and come on clean cut. We get some psychiatrist to attest to my intelligence, talent and infinite potential given a few breaks like marrying into Tania's family. My lawyer tells me that if we play it right, I can probably end up marrying Tania, which wouldn't be so bad because Tania's folks are swimming in bread.

The odds are though that we'll never go to court. Tania's parents, and Tania, all seem to find me singularly repulsive and will offer me pretty long bread to get out of their lives and keep my mouth shut. If I take this line I get to come on as sick and dissipated as I want to. Maybe I'll tell them the Shubert Marauder story. ■

ROPE HEAVEN *(continued from page 54)*

be a man! Hell, man. I wasn't even old enough to be in that place. But everyone knowed Ma an' they did not care. She says we aee gonna have one good drunk, because she figuees it my Old Man was aroun', he da taken me out hot he ain... so it's up to her. Shoot. I had juice be fore. Me an' my brothers, we used to really juice it up." He sits up on the railing, enthusiastically remembering—looking lae beyond the park. "Once man, we got so juiced—man—me an my oldee brother—we jes staeted throwin rocks at the skyl Crazyl Not mad at nothing—you know—but jes like you know to make sure it's there."

He catches sight of a man standing before us, looking in our direction. "That is a cool scoee man. I know him. You wanna score off m (I am leelin' too tired myself)—or you wanna hear the rest of the story?" Chuck asked me.

"The story." I say, surrendering to the mood of the lazy afternoon.

And he seems childishly pleased by the decision, as he continues. "An we're in that bar jes drinkin up that beer, an Ma keeps sayin... This is what your Pa woulda done an damtut to hell I am to do it right for him." When we split the bar, the sun was going down—all red an crazy and everything—like it gets in the South... He squints at the hazy leeble Los Angeles sun—and again he seemed to be looking beyond it to the memory, perhaps of another—brighter—sun. "An' then—get this—then Ma points to this house, an she says 'Cat house.' That's what she said, an she says 'That's where you are gonna go next, yonng man.' Hell man. I'd been there helree with my brother. In laek—but Ma didn't know this—there was this eeal cote whoor there—she wasn't no young chiek exackly, but she throwed a mean screw. She said she would not charge me nothin'—cause I was hettern a truckdriver." He said this not with the vanity, the bragging of the male exhibiting his masculinity, but with the glee of a child who has gotten an A in school and can prove it with his report eaed. "So when I come outa that house Ma's waitin' on me. She says 'Okay?' I said 'Fine!'

He looks down at the tattoo. "Oh yeah, the tattoo." he remembers. "So we're wobblin' aroun' like a couple of drunk buddies. An Ma falls in a ditch, starts cussin' up a screwin' storm!—says she sprained her ankle or somethin' an she's gotta rest till the pain goes. ... But I knowed she is jes high that is all. ... She spots this tattoo place, an she says 'let's go there an' rest.' ... Well, she plops down on a chaie—an when she woke up all them tattoo angels and flowers is staring her in the face, an she says 'Halleluja! it's like Heaven!' That's what she alchoolly said—God's truth! ... I said 'Ma. I'm gonna get me a tattoo, an remember you with. An I have spotted this one of this chick with great big boobs, you know, nekkid—an I'm lookin' at that one. An Ma notice what I am lookin' at—an' she says 'Young man, you bettee not remember me when you look at that!' ... Well, the man there says he can put Mom right on my arm, an that'll do it. But Ma—dig this—she says 'Sure, that will be real nice an everything, but I want something prettiee on my son's arm—something pretty like flowers an leaves—an it's gotta say something sweet, so it says it for me all the time when he is away.' She sees this real mean picture there of a tattoo—an it says DEATH OR FORE ME-HONOR. He reads it off his arm, exhibiting the tattoo proudly as if showing a medal. "This here one."

An I he goes on: "An' that is how I got it. Ma said it is gonna keep me outa trouble. An it has. I ain' never been busted—... Well—he confesses almost sheepishly—well once—but jes once—for stealing a horse—get that, man!—stealing a hoese!"

A woman in her late 30s walks past us. I had seen her many times before, usually about the men's head. She had a pale-white ghostlaee her eyes outlined in black. She never smiled. She would stand by some young man—the eatiest looking—then she'd whisper to him.

She sure looks tired all the time," Chuck said.

Carried by the wave of the woman's apparent lonesomeness, I asked Chuck abruptly: "Don't you ever get tired of this scene?"

"Me? Uh—well—... Hell yeah, man," he said. "I am usually tieed." He had misunderstood me. "That's hiccome I jes sit aroun'. But you wanna know somethin'—? I sure woulda dug being a cowboy. An I was—once. I used to see those Western flicks,—an' man, those cowboys they seemed to be having a ball all the time. That's for me, I thought. Cause see, I didn't wanna hassle it—I jes wanted to let whatevees gonna come come easy an jes the way it should. I figuee a ranch is the best plaee to let it happen: sittin there an a fence ridin on a horse, looking out at the miles of sand an' sky—an nothing is gonna screw it up. You jes wait—an that way nothin happens I figure. I'll get a horse when I wanna cut up' an' jes ride away, man, like that—you know. Like—yeah!—like you got Heaven roped by the neck."

I wonder at his vision of Heaven. Not clouds. Not angels. No. But the wide wide plains, great hills an uncomplicated plain eupped in the warm embraee of the golden sun.

"See. I hitchhiked West the day after Ma an' me went into town. Chuck is saying. "This guy who gives me a ride, he says 'Where to sonny?' I says 'West!' An that's where I went!" Again his eyes search the park, as if wondering, maybe, where the West of his imagination twisted into the West of Los Angeles.

"This cat, he goes on, "he's going to Houston or Dallas—some place like that, I forget. ... An we jes drive along. An then there it is, jes like in the movies. Man, jes miles of plains an' sky an more sky an plains. Then I see these horses out the window. I tell the man 'Here's where I am gotu.' He says, 'It's the middle of nowhere, sonny.' Nowhere. I tol' him, 'that's wheee I wanna go.' An I jump outa that car an' I jes start running like I was crazy, hooting an' howling like an Indian! An this one horse, he's left the others an' he's comin' straight at me. Straight at *me*! An I climbed that fence, an' there he is, that horse, jes starin' me in the eye, an' me staein' back at him. An' man, I tell you that hoese, he *smiled* at me—crooked, you know—but smiling. An I figure somehow, eeazy, he is waiting for me all this time. I figuee he jes started roaming from the othee horses—like me—an' somehow I knowed he was lookin' for me. An' I smiled back. An' man, that horse *understood*! He nods his head, saying, yes! *Yes!*

"So I jumped on him, an I rode away.

Along them beautiful plains, those crazy clouds—*oee eel*—man. I coulda been going to Heaven an' I wouldnuh been any happier. ... But then these three mean studs ride up to me on horses—an they say I'm stealing this here guy's horse. Stealing it, man! If anything, we stole each othei. So I figure hell they are gonna lynch me, like I seen in the flieks.

But I was jes a kid an' that man they took me to the owner, he was kinda nice. He understands att' he offers me a job. ... But it was just like I figgeeed. I jes worked aroun the place, doing, you know, odd things. It was not that I minded it or nothin'. It was jes this. I never get to be near that horse no more—eeeept when I got drunk." He smiled. "Then I would go an' find him—an he would be waiting there for me, his neck up straight, waiting. An we'd take off again. It happen over an over. I jes couldn't keep away from that hoese.

Then one time the owner He says he hates to do it but he's gonna get me busted to teach me a lesson if I do it again Well it happen again I got high an I rode that horse into them hills—an this time I got busted jes like the man said The cop said I was a menace So I left that place —An' what brings me I never said goodbye to my horse An when I left, I think Well hell it am like in the movies.

It was the only note—perhaps not even there—of bitterness I remembee ever hav ing detected in his voice But now he laughs "I figure then my saddle days is over—thumbing days beginning Yahoo!

An this guy gives me a ride to L.A.—an that was the first guy ever came on with me—an he lays some bread on me —an he tells me all about this here pack

I figure Hell I don know how to do nothin—an I am never gonna have that horse—so hell I'll stick aroun An here I am" he says He stretches his legs —owning the railing his home this park

It was beginning to get cooler Night comes like a blessing in Los Angeles, even after the warmest afternoons Soon long shadows will protect the exiles, shelter them soothingly before the concealing night As it becomes later and the loneliness and the determination become languree the trenzieness will increase Even now it's beginning Holy Moses preaching shouting Shrieks of pain muted pleas to God going up unheeded or unheard The Negro woman has returned She's Comin Lawd again as if He really gave a damn Jenny Lu strumes her guitar to emphasize her scarlet past Sin! (Plunk!) The flesh! (Plunk!) Fornication! (Plunk! *Plunk!*)

Two obvious scores appraise the young men in the park Lonesomeness is alive The fixed eyes The ghostpale woman is whispering to a rattylooking teenage boy who smiles increasingly at what she's saying. A couple of queens have now heavily stationed themselves along the walk Catching sight of a cop coming around the corner they shift their stances quickly to those as masculine as they can muster

Chuck has been staring steadily into the park which is seething with all the live lonesomeness An here I am he echoes himself

And afterwards?

Having spoken that question I look at him and I feel suddenly sad

Chuck as an old man!

With the others, even when they spoke about the Big Time you could sense their stifling awareness of what their lives were stretching toward the bandaged streets, the nightly dingy jails, the missions the forgetfulness-inducing wine Life had dealt out their destinies unfairly and they knew it even while they bragged But with each frantic step each futile gesture of revolt they prepared themselves.

But Chuck?

Chuck sitting on this railing always smiling—easy going easily the most likable. Chuck What of him? When he became an old man would he look as coolly at the world then still as if it were that wide-stretching uncomplicated plain?—when it lengthened into mutilated scenes of missions and handouts? He belongs on the range I thought—on the frontier which had disappeared long ago—existing now only ironically on those movie screens that had lured him as a child

And afterwards? I had asked him

He was still staring into the park Huh? he says "Man— he starts "Well, man— And then as he turns toward me briefly the hat pushed back to get whatever still lingers of the smoggy sun I see the familiar smile on his face Has he even heard my question? I wonder as following his gaze I realize why he is staring intently into the park

Alone about 17 or 18 years old—hair tucks firm and saucy, sculptured by a tight black skirt—her face heavily painted but still that of a very young girl—coy a flirt aware of her attractiveness—a cute young girl is walking in one direction As she passes us she smiles. She walks to the water faucet, bends over to drink staying there very long casting surreptitious glances in our direction—exhibiting her little butt, stuck out toward us. Shaking her hair which is vibrantly red and long to her shoulders, she stands by the faucet, waiting in posed bewildermente as if wondering where she will go next

Hoddawg! Chuck says, jumping off the railing in a sudden burst of energy

Dig that small little butt on that chick man! And pushing his wide hat rakishly to one side of his head he begins to walk toward her where she is now making her way slowly through the less-thick part of the park.

A short distance away he turns back to look at me He pushes the hat back on his head, and his mouth forms the word again *Hoddawg!* He winks broadly—and then in a genuine cowboy gait he swaggers toward the girl, who aware now that he is coming alive her wiggles her butt cutely

Right now—and that was all that matter—he had Heaven roped by the neck

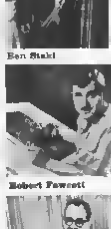

Albert Dorne


Norman Rockwell


Al Parker


Jon Whitcomb


Austin Briggs


Ben Stahl


Fred Ludekens


Robert Fawcett


Harold Von Schmidt


George Giusti

Peter Helck

Steven Dohanos

*We're looking for people who like to draw

If you like to draw America's 12 Most Famous Artists want to help you find out whether you can be trained to be a professional artist.

Some time ago we found that many men and women who could (and should) have become artists never did. Some were unsure of their talent. Others just couldn't get to or notch professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. Taking time off from our busy art careers we pooled the extensive knowledge of art, the professional know-how, and the priceless trade secrets which we ourselves learned through long, successful experience.

Illustrating this knowledge with 5,000 special drawings, we organized a series of lessons covering every aspect of drawing and painting — lessons that anyone could take right in his own home and in his spare time. We then perfected a very personal and effective method for criticizing a student's drawings and paintings.

Our training works well. It has helped thousands find success in art.

Herb Smith was a payroll clerk. Soon after he started studying with us, he landed an art job with a large printing firm. This was four year ago. today he's head artist for the same firm.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she enrolled with us. Now a swank New York gallery sells her paintings.

Father of Three Starts New Career

Stanley Bowen had three children to support and was trapped in a no-future job. By studying with us, at home in his spare time he landed a good job as an advertising artist and has a wonderful future ahead.

Edward Cathony worked as an electrical tester knew nothing about art except that he liked to draw. Two years after enrolling with us, he became Art and Production Manager for a growing advertising agency.

With our training Wanda Pickulski was able to give up her typing job and become the fashion artist for a local department store.

Earns Seven Times as Much

Eric Ericson worked in a garage while he studied nights with us. Today he is a successful advertising illustrator earns seven times as much and is having a new home built for his family.

Reta Page of Payson, Utah, writes: "Thanks to you course I've sold more than 60 paintings at up to $100 each."

Even before he finished our training, schoolteacher Ford Button had sold a monthly comic strip to one national magazine plus panel cartoons to a host of other magazines.

Send for Famous Artists Talent Test

To find other men and women with talent worth developing, we have created a special 12-page Art Talent Test. Thousands of people formerly paid $1 for this test. But now our School offers it free and will grade it free. People who show talent on this test are eligible for professional training by the School. Mail coupon today.

Famous Artists Schools
Studio 5737 Westport Conn

I would like to find out whether I have art talent worth developing. Please send me, without obligation, your Famous Artists Talent Test.

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Mrs. _____ Age ____
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